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THE STANDARD.

ANNIVERSARY OF W. I. EMANCIPATION.

AT the meeting at Abington, on the 1st inst., Mr. Garrison read the following letter from Hon. N. H. WHITING, who had been expected to preside, but was unavoidably detained:

BOSTON, July 31, 1861.

W. L. GARRISON—*My Dear Friend*—I find it will not be convenient for me to atttend the Anniversary of West India Emancipation, to-morrow, at Abington. I look upon the event you are to celebrate as one of the greatest oases in the vast desert of crime and oppression with which earth is filled; and it is among the brightest jewels in the historic renown of the nation, or people, by whom the simple act of justice you commemorate was done. How far it can be said, "They builded better than they knew," or wrought from the narrowest and meanest selfishness a deed of peaceful and glorious humanity for a despised race, perhaps we shall never know.

Judging the British nation by its spirit and conduct towards us, since the commencement of our present struggle with the barbarism of slavery, now in open and wanton rebellion against the Constitution and the Union, it will not give us a very exalted opinion of her philanthropy, justice, or honesty.

To England, more than to all other causes, do we owe it that the devil of slavery is so woven into the social and political life of this nation, that, in the effort to cast him out, like the young man in the Scripture, it may be taken up for dead; and though she has been taunting us, with full blown pharisaical pride, through many years, for our faithlessness to the principles contained in our Declaration of Independence, and our criminal connivance at the great crime of oppression, no sooner does the Slave Power, maddened by defeat in a constitutional election, take up arms against the government, for the avowed purpose of seeking its destruction, because it can no longer be used in its remorseless crusade against human freedom, than the moral (or immoral) and political influence of the British government is at once thrown into the scale of rebellion and slavery.

Not a throb of sympathy, not a word of encouragement, is sent across the ocean to a people "struggling in the embraces of the monster Python," who, through British cupidity, as well as American prejudice and avarice, has been suffered to coil around the nation's heart. How icy cold has her boasted philanthropy become! With what carping criticism—with what heartless indifference, or scarcely veiled sympathy with the rebellion—is the progress of this great drama watched by the ruling classes in the British Isles!—although it is manifest that in its development is involved the weal or woe of uncounted millions of our race, in the present and future. With what hot, not to say indecent haste do they express their more than half recognition of the so-called Confederate States, by putting them in the role of "belligerents," entitled to receive the same consideration as the nation with which they have treaties, and with which they have not only had relations of friendship and amity for many years, but for whose support of slavery they have read us many a lecture aforetime! Now rebellion runs riot through the South. The prestige of slavery in the government is lost. It is crippled, hemmed in, and threatened with ultimate destruction. After having gone into an election and failed, the chivalrous slaveholders refuse to submit to the rule of the new Administration; and, having thus shown themselves more dishonorable and unprincipled than any company of gamblers that would be tolerated even in the purlieus of our civilization, they proceed to set up a government whose sole origin, scope and purpose is the "propagation, extension and perpetuation of human slavery"! And England—ANTI-SLAVERY ENGLAND (!!)—does not wait for the sun to rise, before she dubs this nest of pirates—these rebellious slave-propagandists—these shameless traffickers in human flesh, as even she has been wont to call them—with the rights of "belligerents"! "O, the offence is rank—it smells to heaven!"

Your Irish correspondent, Richard D. Webb, in his letter published in the last number of *The Liberator*, seems to be greatly surprised at what he calls the outcry raised in this country against the action of the British government, to which I have alluded. "These measures," says Mr. Webb, "seemed so inevitable and so reasonable, that we did not know what to make of the anger they excited." "Inevitable"! "reasonable"! are they? When before, in all the history of Great Britain, has she recognized the belligerent right of any people, rising in rebellion against constituted authority, before the ink was dry with which their proclamation of independence was written? Was it in the case of Greece, of Hungary, of Poland—of Italy even? When did it ever before occur? For shame! men of England! If you desire the destruction of the American nation, have the manliness to say so, as the organ of the tory interest, *Blackwood's Magazine*, is frank enough to avow, and not seek to hide your jealousy and envy behind so shallow an excuse as Mr. Webb, with the Gregorys and Lord John Russells, offers for the encouragement they are giving to our rebels.

We have had, on this side of the water, a sort of excuse for the British government in their evident anxiety, and apparent necessity, for a supply of cotton, in order to obtain bread for a large number of their people. But Mr. Webb gives up even this poor plea, affirming that "the world is wide, and that in India, in China, and in Africa, there may be obtained a supply a hundred fold greater than their wants." If this be true, it shows an ignorance or malignity even more inexcusable and hateful than we have been disposed to charge them with; and places them before the world as the conscious, deliberate, but not by any means ingenuous allies of slavery, in order to cripple, if not destroy, a formidable, and hitherto successful rival.

It may be true, as Mr. Webb says, that "the wealth, strength and courage of England are prodigious," and at a premium; but her sincerity, liberality and justice, I fear, will only be taken at a large discount. I would fain believe that the great body of the English people are with us in our day of trial, and hope they may, in some way, put an effectual veto upon the manifest tendency of cotton and corn to take part in this warfare, and that, too, on the side of slavery. But I think we had better make up our minds to fight this battle against the concealed, possibly the open hostility of the British government. Remembering ever that the gods help them who help themselves, let us show ourselves worthy of victory, and the approval of God and all good men, by seeking to do equal and exact justice to all.

If our government is wise, it will not close this war until the vile system, which is its only cause, is placed beyond the reach of further mischief. In the wild tumult and shock of this great battle with the "Armageddon of the race," we may care little for the negro, and may strive to utterly ignore him; but, more real, potent and terrible than Banquo's ghost, he will not down at our bidding. As hero-like Tillman, as "contraband," as fugitive from slavery's dark den, as patient and earnest worker in the ranks of the rebel army, he is ever summoning us to judgment. On one side or the other, he is sure to be seen and felt. If we are disposed to treat him as a man, he will play the part of a man towards us; but if, on the contrary, through mistaken policy and relentless hate, we persist in treating him as a thing, to be used only as merchandize, to be driven into the hell of slavery, and trampled in its mire by the nation's armed heel, we must not be suprised if he joins with his master in the work of throttling a nation which the direst calamities, as well as the plainest dictates of justice and God's law, have failed to teach the simplest lesson of ethics, namely, that neither individuals nor nations can serve God and Mammon, freedom and slavery, and live.

I think the day of the negro's emancipation is bursting up the sky. I hope the nation has vitality enough to pass safely through its terrible ordeal. Its destiny is in the hands of its people. At any rate, justice will survive; the right shall endure. By cleaving to this, the great cycle of immortal life is before us. Forsaking these, through all the mutations of being there is written on the arch of heaven, as with a sunbeam, the warning declaration,

"When Faith is lost, when Honor dies,
The man is dead!"

When that occurs, the form or the continuance of any institution is not of the slightest moment.

Perhaps I cannot better close this long letter than by quoting a gem of purest gold with which that chronic hater of abolitionism, George Lunt, was some how inspired, and say that, with the blessing of God, "We shall never tire of catching the diamond gleam from the forehead of eternal truth. The presence of whatever is purely good in life and thought is always welcome. We revert forever to the grand moral principles to which all ages have appealed. They never lose their force, however degraded we ourselves may be in mind and practice, and an honest sentiment finds its echo in the very hearts of thieves."

Hoping that you may have a pleasant and profitable time at your meeting to-morrow,

I remain, yours, enlisted for the war,

N. H. WHITING.

Mr. GARRISON then made a few remarks in reference to this letter. He said—I am inclined to say a word on the letter of our respected friend, just read in your hearing. The tone of it is one of great severity toward the British government and people. So far as my esteemed friend, Richard D. Webb, is concerned, I am sure that his testimony is worth being taken as he gives it, namely—that he does not believe there is one man out of five hundred in England who does not heartily sympathize with the North in this struggle to put down the Slave Power (applause). So much for the general heart of England; and, surely, a friend so faithful, so long-tried, so clear-sighted as he is, is not to be suspected of having any desire to bestow the least sympathy upon the traitors who are endeavoring to overturn this government for a most diabolical purpose. It is true, the attitude of the British government is one of neutrality towards us, at the present time. Whether it should take different ground or not, is an open question. Ten millions of people in arms, asserting their right to fashion their own institutions and maintain their own independence, present a formidable difficulty, as it respects the matter of piracy; and as our own government has not yet hung any of the rebels as pirates, although it has caught a good many, I presume that England will hesitate to take the initiative in treating them as such. This is certain—England refuses to allow any of her ports to be used for the purposes of the South, in relation to the captures of our ships by rebel privateers. We cannot expect much of any government, as a matter of disinterested virtue, in a critical emergency; but, as far as the people of England are concerned, I feel warranted in saying that they will never intelligently allow their government to do any act which shall make against the cause of freedom in which we are interested, which shall give any countenance whatever to the Slave Power of America (cheers).

I now have the pleasure of introducing to you, as the first speaker, one who has been, for more than thirty years, a most devoted and faithful friend of the Anti-Slavery cause; one to whom I feel myself so largely indebted for his early countenance and support that I have no language to express the feelings of my heart towards him. I allude to our beloved friend, Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY.

Mr. May was very cordially welcomed by the audience, and spoke as follows:

Speech of Rev. Samuel J. May.

For more than thirty years, we have been trying to answer to the people of this country the simple question, that is so fully and abundantly answered by the glorious event which we are here to celebrate—What is to be done with the colored population of the country? This question has been asked in various quarters, and with greater frequency of late than ever before, which satisfies me that the nation—the people of the North, certainly—are coming to perceive that the great issue is now before us, and that the question is to be decided.

Seventy-five years ago, Thomas Jefferson, one of the most far-seeing of all the men of that day, or that have since lived in our country, said (I may not quote his words precisely)—"If we do not liberate them [the slaves] by the generous energy of our own minds, they will liberate themselves by the awful processes of St. Domingo—civil and servile war." The civil war is already upon us; and if we do not make that civil war end in the abolition of slavery, it will inevitably be followed by a servile war. It is obvious enough, and men are everywhere seeing, that this great commotion which is now agitating this country as it never was agitated before, and as no other country, perhaps, was ever agitated, cannot be allayed until the source of this great trouble is removed. I hope it will not be allayed until then (applause).

I need not say I am a man of peace. I need not say I abhor the custom of war. I have argued against it with all the little power that I have. I believe it one of the greatest follies of which men can be guilty. But, notwithstanding all that has been said on this subject by Noah Worcester, for more than forty years, and all that has been said by Mr. Garrison for more than thirty years, and by those who have labored with him—notwithstanding all our remonstrances and all our entreaties to the people of our land to settle this great question, this terrible, this intolerable wrong in our midst by peaceful and Christian means, the people have not heeded us; and Christian ministers, as they are called, and Christian Churches, as they assume to be, have even ridiculed us for what we have said on this subject; and now we are plunged into war. How are we to get out of it? The event is to show. All I can say is, that we can never, blessed be God, get out of it, until we have utterly extirpated the *cause* of it (loud cheers); and a great many people throughout the country are coming to see that it is so, and are anxiously asking the question, "What is to be done with the enslaved people of our land?" In reply to this question, I have said again and again, "Why have you not informed yourselves of the happy results of emancipation in the British West Indies?" I am ashamed to say that there are a great many people, even in this community, who do not know how admirable, how far better than the most sanguine friends of that movement dared to anticipate, have been the results of emancipation in the West Indies. But we all know how industriously, how untiringly, how laboriously, the political press of our country—*The Herald, The Commercial Advertiser, The Courier and Enquirer*, in New York, and *The Courier*, in Boston, (and, I believe, not less, in former days, *The Daily Advertiser*), and I know not how many other papers, have tried to make it believed that it is a failure; and I have not a doubt that there are thousands of well-meaning people among us who are now brought to the conviction that slavery ought to be and must be abolished in the country, who tremble at the anticipation of the evil consequences of emancipation, the utter unfitness of the enslaved to freedom. That is, the utter unfitness of human beings for their birthright! You might as well doubt whether men were fit to breathe as whether they are fit to be free. The nonsense of the objection would be so glaring as not to leave us patience to answer it, if it were not that the frequency of the objection has really become a matter of grave importance in the prosecution of this great enterprise. Let us, then, my friends, send out from this meeting to-day as strong an utterance on the subject as we can bring ourselves to give of so plain and obvious a truth; and let us increase our diligence in circulating through the land, wherever we can, the admirable publications of our Society, more especially Mrs. Child's excellent pamphlet, "The Right Way the Safe Way," that wherever the people who are now raising this inquiry are willing to have it answered, they may see how fully and how beautifully it has been answered in those islands where took place the event we are to celebrate—a glorious event indeed!

The volume of Thome and Kimball, published in 1837, is a most thrillingly interesting narrative of the blessed effects that manifested themselves immediately after the Emancipation Act took effect. In 183-, Mr. Gurney, a very distinguished member of the Society of Friends in England, visited the West India Islands for the express purpose of informing himself, and the people of Great Britain, of the true results of their gift of freedom to the enslaved. His Report showed those results to have been much better than were anticipated.

Numerous articles, published from time to time in *The Liberator*, ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and the New York *Tribune*, have confirmed Mr. Gurney's Report by the most ample and indisputable testimonies. Tracts have been published by the American Anti-Slavery Society, embodying the evidence thus obtained, and eloquently pressing it upon the consideration of the doubting.

In 1858, Rev. Henry Bleby, who had resided and labored as a missionary thirty years in the islands, visited this country. He lectured in several of our principal cities. The substance of his speeches was published in several periodicals, and in pamphlet form, giving the most satisfactory assurances that the emancipation of the enslaved in the British West India islands had been a blessing, in every way, to all concerned.

The same assurances were given to the British public, in 1860, by the Hon. Mr. Hincks, one of the Governors of the West India islands, then on a visit to England. But there has lately been published, by the Messrs. Harpers of New York, a volume which I especially commend to the perusal of all who would prefer the testimony of such as have not been committed to the anti-slavery cause in our country or in England. I refer to the volume entitled, "The Ordeal of Free and Slave Labor."

I have been reminded, in thinking of this meeting to-day, of other evidence of this self-evident truth, that it is safe to treat men as men. I have been thinking of other evidences that have come to me, since I entered upon this work of trying to induce our fellow-countrymen to regard and treat the enslaved population of the land as human beings, and to rely upon the healthful influences of those natural inducements to labor, and to behave as men should, which keep other people in proper subjection to what is reasonable and right. I shall never forget, and I have often used, the brief and all-comprehensive reply which our friend Elizur Wright, very early in our movement, gave to this question, "What shall be done with the enslaved population?" He said, "Take them from under Mr. Lash, and put them under Mr. Cash" (applause). That answers the question as well as it can be answered. A folio volume which should be written with the best ability of the most eminent pro-slavery or anti-slavery men in our country, would bring us at last to that conclusion. "*Take them from under Mr. Lash, and put them under Mr. Cash!*" The simplest thing in the world; and that it has always worked well wherever it has been tried, we have the most abundant evidence.

I need not, of course, refer you now to the evidence, with which all anti-slavery persons, men and women, are so familiar, recorded in pamphlets and speeches that we have all of us, I trust, read again and again; but I remember, some twenty-five or more years ago, that excellent old man, Moses Brown, of Providence—one of the earliest and truest friends of the anti-slavery cause—put into my hands several important pamphlets and stouter books, some of which I still have, but the one to which I am now about to refer, I am sorry to say, I have not. I read it, however, with so much interest then, that it made an impression that has not been effaced; I am not conscious that it has been dimmed. Still, as I am going to state the contents from recollection, of course some allowances must be made, notwithstanding my confidence in my memory. It was an account of Mr. Joshua Steele, of England, a man of large West India possessions, who had lived at ease in England, with little or no thought of those who were toiling for him on his far-distant plantations, until he had attained, I believe, nearly, if not quite, the age of seventy years, when a deep religious conviction came over him—those effects that are produced upon the hearts of men by that Spirit which is continually striving with us to will and to do of the good pleasure of the impartial Father of us all. A deep religious conviction came upon him, that he had been living in great unrighteousness, and had been guilty of terrible wrongs (to what extent he knew not) to those whom he held as his property. He therefore settled up his affairs in England, took leave of his friends, and, in 1780, came to the island of Barbados, with the determination to devote himself, the rest of his life, to the welfare of his enslaved fellow-beings on his plantations—amounting, I think, to four or five hundred in all.

He found their condition much worse than he had feared. He found the treatment to which they were subjected by his overseers more cruel than he could have believed, and the impositions practised upon them in various ways by those overseers greater far than he had dreamed of. He gathered about him his enslaved brethren and sisters, acknowledged the wrong of which he had been guilty, and declared to them his intention thenceforward to be with them, and to do for them all that he might. He dismissed his overseers, called to his assistance some young men from England, who had never been contaminated by any immediate connection with the workings of the slave system, opened accounts with all his slaves, who were able to be thus employed, as free laborers, and paid them wages. He encouraged and assisted them in improving their habitations, and gathering about them the comforts of civilized life. I need not go into detail. He did all that, under the circumstances, he knew how to do, to help them to live as human beings should live, and as those who are partaking of the blessings of liberty might live. In effect, so far as he could, he had emancipated his slaves—without, perhaps, giving that name to it; though, if I remember right (I am not sure on this point), he informed them that, if they were willing to go from under his hand, they might; but if they pleased to remain, as he wished they might, he should do what he could for them. They all, with few exceptions, if my memory serves me right, chose to remain with him, in the relation of employer and employed. He was permitted to live—although, when he commenced this benevolent operation, he was an old man—ten or fifteen years; and I remember distinctly the details which I read, with eyes filled with delight, of the constantly improving condition of the people in his employment for the whole number of years that he was permitted to live with them. Their expenditures for their own comfort and convenience were vastly greater, but the income from his estates to himself, after having paid his people generously, was greater than it ever had been while they were treated as slaves, and was increasingly greater to the last (loud applause).

Now, friends, if any of you think I have not a good memory, I hope you will hunt up that little pamphlet, and see wherein I am incorrect in my statements.

I will tell you now something that has never been written, but I think should be. Soon after I commenced, under the inspiration of this man [Mr. Garrison], who has misled me so much (laughter), to labor in this cause (I think it was in 1835), as I was on my way to Taunton and New Bedford, I met two gentlemen in the stage, who, somehow or other, had heard who I was, and what I was about. After awhile, they made this fact known to me, and gave me to understand that they were from the Southern States. After conversing upon the subject, and learning what are the principles we avow and the purposes we aim to accomplish, one of the gentlemen said, with a very kindly and earnest manner, "Well I don't blame you. Slavery is a horrible institution, and, for my part, so far as I have been concerned with it, I have got rid of it, as far as I can." "What," said I, "do you mean? Have you emancipated your slaves?" "Well, they know they may go away if they've a mind to; but they choose to remain."

"Do let me have," said I, "a full account of your experiment, for I am extremely anxious to know all about it." "My name," he said, "is Marshall; I am a lawyer, now settled in Fredericksburg, but I formerly lived on my plantation, which was about fifteen miles from Fredericksburg. I found, as you doubtless know many planters in eastern Virginia have found to their sorrow, that our system of labor was an exceedingly expensive and wasteful one, and it had become evident to me that I was running behind hand, and could not long sustain myself upon the place. Provoked by the mismanagement of the overseer, and in a feeling partly of despair and partly of impatience, I said to my wife, 'I am going to throw the plantation into the hands of the people, and let them see if they can support themselves, and I will go into Fredericksburg, and support myself by my profession.' She gladly consented." He called his slaves about him, forty-in number, and told them he was going to Fredericksburg to live; "and," said he, "I am going to give up the plantation to you, and you must see how you can manage it." Instantly, he said, an expression went over their countenances which satisfied him he had touched the right chord. "Master," said they, "you will see how we will manage." Before night, he said, they had had a meeting—the first democratic meeting, I suppose, ever held on a plantation (applause)—and chosen the very men he should have selected as the best, to guide them in their new mode of living. They selected two, and called one Colonel, and the other Captain. Of course, they did not want any overseers or drivers any longer.

Mr. Marshall said that, having done this, he went, as soon as possible, to Fredericksburg, where, of course, he was very busy in establishing himself in his profession, so that something like two months passed before he went out to his plantation. Then, happening to think one day, that it was "play day" among the slaves, he said to his wife, "We will go out, and see how the slaves are getting along." When he approached the house, he saw no signs of jollification at all, and when he got upon the grounds, he found them hard at work. So he called the Captain, or Colonel, and said, "How is this?" He answered, very intelligently and knowingly, "You know that the crop is in just such a situation, that a day's work is very important just now; and you know, master," said he, looking up into his face, "we can take the day now whenever we've a mind to." "Certainly," said Mr. Marshall. So he went round the plantation, and was exceedingly gratified at the way in which they had managed it. He praised them highly, for he said they had done admirably well, and went back to Fredericksburg very well satisfied with what he had seen. A few weeks later, there came a messenger, on a foaming horse, to report to him that there was an insurrection on his plantation. "Insurrection!" said he, "what is there for them to have an insurrection about?" You can easily understand that some of his neighbors were not very well pleased at the way in which he had managed his plantation; but you know the plantations are widely separated in that section, and nothing had occurred specially to excite their fears until that day. It did not occur to him what the trouble could be, but in deference to the alarm which he was led to suppose had occurred in the neighborhood, he mounted his horse to go to the plantation, and see what the trouble was. When he got there, the slaves exclaimed, "How did you know this was our play day?" (Laughter and applause.) So he went to the neighboring plantation, and allayed the fears of the people there by assuring them that his slaves were only having their "play day," and then returned and spent the day with them. Of course, he was treated like a lord. They took him about the place, and showed him the improvements they had made in their houses—how many convenient domestic utensils they had supplied themselves with; and they were particularly anxious that he should see how well they were managing this and that crop, and all that. He said he was perfectly satisfied that the experiment was an entirely safe one; that it was safe to treat man as man, strange as it may seem! (Applause.) "And," I added, "very unsafe, sir, to treat man as anything else but man" (renewed applause). Very unsafe, as we are finding continually.

This experiment had been going on, Mr. Marshall told me, five years, and his slaves had never been half so comfortable. "Talk about their not being able to take care of themselves!" said he. "My overseers and my agents never have taken half as good care of them as they have taken of themselves, and my plantation has never been so profitable. It is profitable now; I was running behind-hand before."

Now, my friends, you are not surprised at this. You would almost be ashamed that I should tell you the story to convince you of the truth. And yet, just such facts as these are necessary to be spread before the people of our country, to convince them that the real danger resides in the terrible experiment that has been going on so long in our country; that experiment which would make brutes of human beings; subject to the condition of domesticated animals those whom God has created in his own image, and intended should be followers of himself as dear children. That is the fearful experiment that the people of this country have been making for a hundred years; and look at the horrible predicament into which our country is now thrown! God only knows how we are to come out of it. It is a just retribution. I bow reverently and submissively to this vindication of right which is now going on in our midst. Never since I thought of the subject have I dared to pray that I, or any whom I love, or any others, might be exempted from the natural consequences of our sins and our follies. I have long since got rid of those notions of God that led me to fear that he would treat us, wicked, ungrateful, perverse as we may be, with any too great severity. No, I believe that we shall be brought out of this terrible apostacy, [illegible], not through fear; but yet not until we have been made to feel and sincerely to own, that we have been a fearfully wicked people (applause). It is by true, unfeigned, heartfelt repentance alone that this most egregious, Heaven-daring, God-defying system of iniquity, and its consequences, can be utterly done away (applause).

HOW SLAVE INSURRECTIONS ARE SUPPRESSED.

From The Tribune.

THE NEW INQUISITION—CHIVALRY FRIGHTENED, AND CHATTELS ABUSED—INCIDENTS IN ALABAMA.

ABOUT two weeks before Christmas, 1860, the inhabitants of Pine Level, a little town in Montgomery County, Alabama, were startled by the announcement that the negroes on the settlement had planned an insurrection, to take place on Christmas eve. The discovery of the plot was made by a planter, who, being one of those who believed that the negroes must be whipped sometimes with or without cause, had concluded to whip one of his slaves at the above time by way of pastime. It must here be remembered, that for some time previous, and especially, after President Lincoln's election, the Southern press had been doing its best to create an excitement and ill-feeling against the Northerners—warning the people against Abolitionists, insurrectionists, and incendiaries—assuring them constantly that the Northerners intended to put a stop to slavery by sending emissaries to tamper with slaves, and induce them to repeat so-called "*John Brown Raids.*" Thus, the more stirring accounts of Abolitionists and their doings were set in circulation, and were eagerly believed by the frightened slavocracy. The planter, in thus whipping his negro without cause, except to keep him in due respect of his master's supremacy, was acting according to the custom of the greater number of slaveholders. While the punishment was in progress, the poor slave asked:

"Massa, why do you whip me? I have tried to do right, massa."

"Do you want me to stop?" asked the master.

"O yes, massa, please massa!"

The master, continuing the unjust chastisement, said, "Don't you know that I have an excellent reason to punish you? You have done something very bad lately, and I will stop only if you will tell what you have done." The poor slave in his desire to satisfy the tyrant and stop the lashes recalled all his old sins; but the confession of these failed to satisfy his master, and stroke after stroke of the lash was administered. With increasing agony the slave prayed, "O stop, massa, I will tell all you want me to, but I don't know what you want." He was then asked:

"Haven't you lately been speaking about Mr. Lincoln to the niggers?"

"Yes, massa," was the reply.

"Don't you conspire to make yourselves free?" (continuing whipping.)

"Yes, massa. O massa! do stop; I can't stand it; you kill me."

"How are you going to make yourself free?"

"I don't know, massa. O massa, stop, massa! They say Mr. Lincoln is a powerful black man, and he will make us all free if we rise!"

"Don't you intend to kill all the whites?"

"Yes, massa, O stop, massa!"

By this time the planter had worked himself into such a state of excitement that he continued striking his slave in the most cruel manner—asking all sorts of questions which his irritated state of mind suggested—all of which his victim would invariably confirm by uttering, "Yes, massa! don't kill me!"

Not daring thus to deny any question whatever, the slave confessed that he, together with several other negroes whom he mentioned, had conspired to rise on Christmas eve, and that he intended to kill his master with an axe. This confession infuriated the planter; and, after having carefully secured the negro by tying up his hands and feet, he proceeded to impart the disclosure to his neighbors, who, of course, believing every word, became equally excited, and ran for their guns and pistols—arrested those who were implicated or suspected—and kept the strictest watch over the rest, threatening to shoot down any negro, man or woman, who would dare to disobey any order from a white man.

The so-called conspirators were whipped and examined in the same manner, and of course found no other means of satisfying their torturers than by confessing everything they were asked.

The whipping was continued for four days in Pine Level and on the surrounding plantations; a great number of slaves were implicated as conspirators, and the most extraordinary revelations were brought to light, which were made to correspond by a skilful questioning and energetic whipping. Several hundred negroes were thus tortured in a most barbarous manner. Two committees—one on whipping, the other on recording confessions—were at work almost day and night during these four days of the horrible scenes which I witnessed. I will relate only a few incidents.

A slave, during the process, was asked by a bystander, "Don't you niggers intend to get married to the white women?" The question, after being repeated several times, was at last answered in the affirmative. Being asked to give the name of the white woman he was to get, he mentioned the wife of Martin Noll, who happened to be present. Noll thereupon discharged two barrels of his revolver at the slave, and, strangely enough, failed to hurt him or any one of the dense crowd gathered around; he then drew his knife and jumped at him, to "cut the throat of the d—d black son of a ——." The crowd, or rather the owner of the slave, held him back, and Noll then went to seek satisfaction by torturing other negroes. This Martin Noll is at present captain of the Pine Level Company, now stationed in Virginia under Beauregard. A Massachusetts man by the name of Baldwin, who was impressed by him in Pine Level, lately deserted from him and sought refuge in Fortress Monroe, and his statement was published in some of the New York papers.

Another negro called Simon, a blacksmith, was implicated by a tortured fellow slave, and as Simon was one of the most intelligent negroes in town (he was very shrewd and could read and write better than the average of the Pine Level slavocracy), he was suspected to be one of the ringleaders.

He was said to have made a key to open Mr. Shaver's dry goods and provision store, where the negro would seize arms and powder, and as a reward for this key he was to receive the store. The negro, whose enforced confession implicated him, told precisely the spot where the key was concealed; on searching, however, nothing could be found there, nor in his hut or shop, to serve as evidence against him. Yet Simon was tortured. He was undressed, had his hands and feet tied, and his knees were bent in against his chest, and a stick put under them above his arms. In this condition he was rolled on the floor, and received 280 lashes—his blood, of course, flowing in streams ere the punishment was over. When one of the torturing brutes were tired, he would ask his neighbor to take his turn, while others were counting the number of lashes, and shouting in a diabolical way, "Go on; make him tell; go on!" But Simon received the 280 lashes without uttering a word of confession or praying for pity, and the brutes only stopped because they found out that if they went on there would soon be an end of his sufferings. When he had a little recovered he was carried away. One Purcell, a young man, bookkeeper with Mr. Clarke, noticing that Simon got sick, drew his knife and held it at his throat, while another member of the chivalry, one Levi Shaver, pointed his cocked revolver at his mouth, both threatening to kill him at once if he would dare to vomit.

Of these who were whipped, almost all, men and women, had their clothing torn off, many being tied up like Simon, others being whipped on both sides, until their bodies presented the appearance of one vast wound.

When the slaveholders thought they were in possession of all the secret plans of the conspiracy, the same were summed up as follows:

During Christmas night, at the sign of the bursting of a big pine tree, the slaves were to rise and slay all the white men and old women; the remaining white women were to be distributed among the negroes; and, beside a white lady, every black man was to receive two mules, forty acres of land, the necessary agricultural implements, and $500 in cash. The principal leaders of the insurrection were said to be: William Rollo, a poor white man; Andreas Higgins, a free octaroon; Simon, the blacksmith, a slave; Ike Zang, a ditcher, called "Ditchey," a slave, and uncle Tom, a slave.

William Rollo had been driven from Pine Level four weeks previous to the insurrection, because he was suspected of buying stolen chickens from the negroes, and had gone to Montgomery. Some negroes [illegible] Level to Montgomery, where they would take possession of everything valuable, and where Rollo would be established as the principal storekeeper—all the black folks having pledged themselves to trade with him. This scheme may seem incredible, but was generally believed by the gullible chivalry, who for months afterwards could not find anything ridiculous in it. They at once dispatched two men to Montgomery to capture the chief of the conspiracy, who was so unconscious of the affair that even after having been warned, he made no attempt to escape. Poor Rollo was not a little surprised at being tied up with ropes and dragged along by two ferocious brutes, one of whom was the before-named Martin Noll. Nothing but the confession of the slaves, obtained in the manner described above, was brought as evidence against him; and though the Southern chivalry exclude negro evidence from all the courts, still a drunken mob (there was neither judge nor jury) condemned him to be hanged in company with the others who were said to be ringleaders.

The gallows was erected in the middle of the town, that the spectacle might strike terror into the hearts of the slaves, and that everybody might participate in the enjoyment. Rollo was placed on a car, and a rope was then put around his neck; he could hear his poor wife screaming, and see her begging the brutes to spare him. She wanted to run to his rescue, but was actually pushed and kicked back—the car was hurried off, and Rollo was left in his agony—while his wife accused his murderers and entreated God to avenge her innocent husband.

During the two or three following days the other so-called conspirators were disposed of in the same manner. Some prayed for their lives and some said that the white folks could do with the poor nigger what they pleased. Simon begged to be released of his pains as soon as possible; he had previously begged to be shot or killed in some manner, and said he was glad to get out of the South.

The hanging would have continued had negroes not been worth a large sum in the market. The richest planters, men of influence, saved their negroes, and confined their punishment to repeated chastisements. Several of the poor white men, who owned but one or two slaves, whom the mob intended to hang, took them away to distant places, thereby saving their property, no other feeling than cupidity predominating. There never has been any investigation of the matter before the court, none of the mob was accused, and nobody has been blamed. Rollo's wife is now a beggar. The owners of the slaves did not even dare to ask for a cent of indemnity. The only inquiry into the matter was made in some neighboring townships, where more intelligent men at once perceived the true state of affairs, and threatened to interfere if the Pine Level mob did not stop their illegal proceedings. Still, the excitement lasted till Christmas. Of course, the slaves were not allowed to enjoy their holidays as in olden times. Christmas eve the whole white population was on the lookout, fearing that the big pine tree might yet burst. About 12 o'clock, when the anxiety was at the highest pitch, somebody imagined that he heard a suspicious noise.

Imagine four or five hundred people—men, women, and children—mostly all armed, and in trembling expectation of coming events. At length, to assure themselves, they concluded that three men should go out as a reconnoitering party. But only two of the chivalry offered to go; and finally a German shopkeeper named J. M—— had to volunteer to make up the required number. Well knowing that it was a humbug, he felt amused at the fear of his mounted companions. After a two miles' ride they came upon a half-extinguished camp-fire. There the before-mentioned Purcell stopped, and remarked, with chattering teeth, that the niggers must have held a meeting there. He pretended to see their footsteps distinctly, and slowly advanced, cocked revolver in one hand and bowie-knife in the other. When about 150 paces distant from the big pine tree, Purcell proposed that one of the reconnoitering party should dismount, and creep toward the tree as a scout. J. M—— went alone to the tree, of course without discovering anything, and stealthily enjoyed a good laugh at his comrades. On returning, he reported that he had heard only a suspicious noise, which had also been the case with his trembling comrades. They hurried home, reported the camp-fire, negro footsteps, and suspicious noise (the latter in M——'s opinion made by the little pigs in the bushes). During the whole night the Pine Level folks were in dreadful anticipation of an attack; the whites were afraid of the slaves, and the latter were afraid of their masters.

Events similar in character, but to a much smaller extent, and not so generally credited, happened at Prattsville and Autogaville, near Montgomery. At these places the negroes were whipped until they confessed, and at Autogaville several slaves and one white man were hung. ONE WHO WAS THERE.

THE ONLY WAY TO PUT DOWN THE REBELLION.

[Extract of a Speech, delivered in Dublin, July 19th, by the Rev. Dr. CHEEVER.]

THE war cannot be prosecuted in earnest without the abolition of slavery, whether the government of the United States are willing to make a national proclamation to that effect or not. We desire that they should do this—people are petitioning for this; the Constitution, rightly interpreted, permits this as a war measure, and requires it as an act of righteousness and justice. The military conquest of the South is impossible, except by the abolition of slavery. The establishment of the Federal government over all the States is impossible, except by the abolition of slavery. The maintenance of the Republic is impossible, except by the abolition of slavery. Sympathy with and for negro slavery as a domestic institution palsies the whole military arm and power of the government. And, in fact, no government on earth ever went through such a trial, both of principle and power. If it comes forth unscathed, nothing can be added to such a proof of the power of true Republicanism, founded in a just moral sentiment and education, and of the divine guardianship over that nation, and, we trust, for the sake of permanent freedom and religion. The present rebellion is entirely and solely a pro-slavery rebellion, begun, inspired, and carried on solely by the slaveholders for the sake of slavery, and with the intention of ruling by means of slavery, and of establishing a separate government for that end. The slaveholders are, therefore, the rebels, and the war should be against them, and if not against them, it is not against the rebels. If the war is not pursued against slavery, it cannot be pursued against the rebellion. The instant slavery is abolished, that instant the rebellion is suppressed, but, until then, it will not be suppressed. If there is moral strength enough in the nation, its rulers, its administrators, its people, whether in arms or in council, to proclaim liberty, then the nation is saved, but otherwise not. So that the struggle is still mainly a moral, a spiritual conflict. Shall the cannon's mouth proclaim liberty, or only Union, ignoring liberty? If the rebel troops were all annihilated or dispersed, the Confederate government broken up, and its leaders hanged for treason, as they deserve, still the question would be what to do with slavery. The national pacification might be demanded on the basis of tolerating slavery in the States. Doubtless it would be, unless the war is proclaimed as against slavery, and if so, then, by inevitable logic, against the slaveholders, whose property must be taken possession of in order to set it free. The slaveholders took the seceding States out of the Union. The slaveholders should be punished for this treason. In reality, not a single State has seceded. Cut off the heads of the slaveholders, and every seceding State would swing back into its place under the government. Deprive the slaveholders of their power, and the reign of terror all over the South ceases, and the people at the South would support the policy of abolition. Deprive the slaveholders of their slaves, and you take away all their power and return it to the people. Now, the Abolitionists propose to put an end to slavery by the war, but the mere Unionists propose merely to put an end to the rebellion by the war. The latter is impossible without the former. There is a strong party in the Church that denounce slavery, but not slaveholding; just so, there is the prevailing party in the war that denounce rebellion, but not slaveholding. Neither party is willing to direct the war against slaveholding as inherently sinful and rebellious, nor against the slaveholders as inherently the rebels, and the only soul, and life, and leaders of the rebellion. But if the United States are saved, it must be in this way, by crushing out slavery and slaveholding. And God has, in His providence, granted a wonderful opportunity. And what a magnificent movement it would be for the country, what a triumph for all time, what a vindication of the freedom of our Constitution, what an incontestable establishment of its elementary vital law—what a victory—if the government, in drawing its sword on the righteous interpretation of the Constitution, and on the right of the war power, as developed by John Quincy Adams, should proclaim slavery ended and abolished forever! The action of the Constitution would instantly be restored to its freedom, and would be found working consistently with the Declaration of Independence, the preamble, the national charters, and the Word of God. Never had any government on earth such an opportunity to regenerate itself, to purge itself by a single measure from all its evils, from all that has hindered its beneficent administration, and crippled its just power. The only salvation from dictatorship and the destruction of our true State rights is in the constit

the sake of property in himself alone, and in belonging solely to God his Father, is the question that ought to be decided, once for all, and for all generations. It is the question that underlies all governments, and stirs all society to its depths, the inevitable struggle, by the laws of nature and of God, being ever towards that form of government which will most perfectly express and most perfectly sustain, protect, and carry out the dignity and freedom of man and his sole dependence on, and responsibility to, his Creator. But this question of property in man is almost as undecided as ever. Even now, men seem ready to enter on a controversy as to the right of the owner of the human stock to a compensation for the loss of it, because he is compelled to give up the privilege and practice of buying and selling human beings. Compensation to the slaveholder! And who shall compensate the enslaved for the almost dehumanization of his faculties and impossibility of the enjoyment of freedom by the long enslavement of his body and soul? Compensation to the owners of the Bastile, when the people rise in their majesty and tear it down! but who shall compensate the victims of long torture in its dungeons, unable to bear the light or endure the blessings of society? If ever compensation to slaveholders could have been right, or an obligation on the part of the government that had wickedly established slaveholding as legal, yet, in the present case, this claim is forfeited by rebellion and treason, and the government are bound to compensate the slaves at least by protecting them in their recovered freedom. Let the government proceed against the slaveholders as rebels and traitors, and acknowledge the right of the enslaved to be treated as men, as free laborers, as native citizens, having the right to choose their masters and be paid for their work, and the war is not only at an end, but the millions of poor whites, released from the reign of terror under the slaveholders, will vote for the reign of freedom and justice to all. And as to the claim of slaveholders to compensation, it has been demonstrated that the non-slaveholding millions have a rightful claim against the slaveholders for the deterioration of their property by the maintenance of slavery, to the amount of thousands of millions. If slavery were abolished to-morrow, the value of landed property in the South would be immediately five times greater than before. An acre of land that is now worth only five dollars would be worth twenty-five. So that the slaveholders are not only stealing the slaves, but they are stealing from the free whites annually millions of money that would have been theirs but for this very crime of man-stealing, which curses the very soil, and interferes with the chemistry of nature. The very buying of men is stealing of them—is making merchandise of them; but, even if the buying were right, and constituted a title to the property, are you aware what multitudes, what millions, are held without any such right? The government are bound to protect and restore the people thus stolen, and to give them their rights as citizens.

A REMINISCENCE OF A LITTLE BIT OF CHURCH HISTORY, AND ITS SEQUEL.

A few years ago, when the minions of James Buchanan, aided by that weak old man to the extent of his official power, were endeavoring to force the infamous Lecompton measures through Congress, and when the men who are now in rebellion to the government were striving to force slavery upon the people of Kansas, and sowing the wind that has since ripened into the whirlwind which is now being harvested, a brave and God-fearing young minister occupied the pulpit of the aristocratic Church of the Epiphany, Fifteenth and Chestnut streets. The Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, deeming it to be his duty to denounce national crime and offenses against the religion of humanity, even though they were committed in the cause of slavery, preached a sermon upon "Our Country's Troubles," during which he committed the then unpardonable offense of telling the simple truth. The sermon caused a great sensation, and excited the ire of the eminent doughfaces of the congregation. One very respectable member of the vestry stood up in his pew and denounced the sermon and its author during its delivery, and another, who had then a large interest in the peculiar institution, put himself at the head of a faction to drive the brave young minister from his pulpit. This same pious slaveholder [Pierce Butler] afterward sold out to the highest bidder his stock of black chattels, and subsequent to the sale he bid for a cheap reputation for generosity by giving each chattel a bright new quarter as his or her share of the thirty pieces he or she had "brought" under the hammer. The pious slave-dealer and his party prevailed, and Dudley A. Tyng was driven from his pulpit for daring to tell the truth. The Rev. William Otis Prentiss of South Carolina, a holder of slaves and a warm admirer of the institution, was chosen as his successor, and he preached kid-gloved-and-knock-softly-religion to his hearers, taking good care to smother the truth, when it was in danger of giving offense to the highly respectable portion of the congregation who did not follow the brave Tyng to the Church of the Covenant, which he founded, but which that resulted in his untimely death.

There have been many political sermons preached, not only in the Church of the Epiphany, but in all the other churches of the city and the country, since the night when poor Dudley Tyng had the courage to tell the truth to the aristocratic slave-dealer of twenty-five-cent-piece-dispensing memory. On last Sunday night a scene was witnessed in this very Church of the Epiphany that brought back the memory of Dudley Tyng's martyrdom, and which seems almost providential in its retributive character.

Mr. Prentiss some time since returned to his native South Carolina, and Mr. Cracraft, the present rector, was his successor. On last Sunday evening, at the close of his sermon, Mr. Cracraft referred to the fact that during the present week he had paid a visit to the City of Washington, and while there he had ascertained that among the rebel prisoners taken at the battle of Bull Run, the Sunday previous, by a Connecticut regiment, was a young South Carolinian officer, who proved to be a son of the identical Rev. Mr. Prentiss. Mr. Cracraft continued his remarks by declaring that he wished the reverend father of the young traitor was in the same safe keeping, for he (Mr. C.) had obtained, while at the seat of government, the most complete and incontrovertible evidence that while he (Mr. Prentiss) was occupying the pulpit of the Epiphany, in Philadelphia, he was in correspondence with Southern traitors, and that he was actively engaged in plotting treason against the government. Mr. Cracraft did not mince words, nor did he spare traitors or those who sympathize with them. Mr. C., although occupying the same pulpit from which poor Tyng was ejected for doing what he conceived to be a solemn duty, but a few years since, can now speak the simple truth fearlessly. The day of meanly truckling to smooth-tongued treason has gone by, and the wounded spirit of Dudley Tyng would have been appeased had it been present in his old Church on last Sunday night, and known the history of the events which have taken place since it winged its way upward from the mangled form of its earthly receptable.—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

TIME'S CHANGES.

One of the favorite Massachusetts songs, sung by the regiment under Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel Webster, which has just passed on to join the army, commences as follows:

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
His soul's marching on!
Glory Hallelujah! Glory Hallelujah! Glory Hallelujah!
His soul's marching on!

The stanzas which follow are in the same wild strain:

2. He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, etc.,
His soul's marching on!
3. John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, etc.,
His soul's marching on!
4. His pet lambs will meet him on the way, etc.,
They go marching on!

Who could have dreamed of this while Webster lived? Who could have dreamed of it when John Brown died? Fletcher Webster would doubtless be glad to have his soldiers sing less violent abolition songs; but neither himself nor his father's ghost can stop the rolling wave. John Brown's ghost is too powerful for them. Editors persist in asserting that there are few or no Abolitionists in the ranks of the army, but these songs tell a different story. Cabinet and Congress may assure the South that this war means no harm to slavery; but while the son of Daniel Webster leads on his troops to the music of John Brown odes, will the South believe them? Does the North believe them? No, the songs are the real inspiration of the hour; the true index of public sentiment. "Give me," said a philsopher, "the making of the ballads, and I care not who makes the laws." These soul-stirrring ballads carry with them the doom of slavery. No matter how uncouth in composition, or rough in structure, they are the outgushing utterances of an honest humanity, and they will be popular in spite of criticism. Months ago, a large premium was offered for a new national ode, but it must have nothing "sectional" in it. Aye, there's the rub; with this fetter on her wing, the Muse will take no lofty flight. Money cannot make poetry; least of all, patriotic poetry; and we should not wonder if, after all the labors of the Patriotic Committee in examining manuscripts, it should be found that the soldiers will still give the preference to the rough, wild strains that represent John Brown's spirit as leading them on to battle and to victory.—*American Baptist.*

Garibaldi, it is said, has offered his services to the authorities at Washington to aid them in the suppression of the slaveholders' rebellion. The Liberator of Italy was for a long time a resident of this country, is familiar to a good degree with its institutions, its policy, and its progress. He knows what viper it is which, though warmed by its favor, now strikes at its life, and even were he as ignorant as many foreigners are, concerning this rebellion—the causes which have set it on foot and the terrors by which it is kept alive—he who fought so bravely to unite into one magnificent kingdom the long disintegrated parts of Italy, might almost be expected to lend his helping hand to prevent the terrible disintegration of a nation and an empire younger but not less fair.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

The Editor, after a week's absence, returned to his post only in time to put this number of The Standard to press in a very hurried manner. Readers do not often have occasion to complain of any deficiency in the quantity of editorial writing in these columns, and since editors are not exempt from the rule that "all work and no play" is depressing alike to mind and body, no one, we are sure, will begrudge us our brief holiday. For nearly a week we have tried to forget that there were any such things as newspapers, and to give ourselves up as completely as possible to the soothing influences of country life. We are therefore in a most blissful state of ignorance in regard to the events of the last few days, and must take a little time for inquiry and observation before resuming the editorial pen.

THE HOPE OF DESPAIR.

In one of those past centuries, when people who would employ their faculties to any innocent purpose were only allowed to exercise them on the niceties of critical exegesis, the polite circles of France were sorely divided concerning the merit of a certain line in Corneille's last tragedy. We give the passage in controversy.

"Maplus douce espérance est de perdre l'espoir!"

Party feeling ran high on the interesting question of the eloquence or fustian of this exclamation. That it was either supremely wise, or exquisitely silly, everybody agreed. No critical Belleverettism was tolerated in the desperate struggle. At last, the French Academy took it into consideration, and returned a verdict which established its intelligibility and magnificence. So we are fortified by this august authority when we assert that the best hope of the Union is to lose all hope of it! For when the people are thoroughly persuaded that the Union for the protection of slavery is as dead as the dynasty of the Pharaohs, we may confidently hope for a final Union of peace and blessedness.

The claim of Immediate Emancipation, with the large allowance of the Apostle, has become all things to all men, so that by every inducement the nation might be cleansed and healed. The banks and counting-rooms, as fervently as the Abolitionists, are ready to call him blessed who rises to free our government, Northern or national, from the destructive element of slavery. The people are waiting to applaud the man of political influence who shall boldly name the act to be done at the present crisis. They will joyfully meet the issue presented, provided the President, or any one of his prominent advisers, could have courage to utter the I take the responsibility magic of Jackson. But this old necessity of courage is the last thing our politicians have ever thought worth believing. Men whose livelihood and profession it was to be blown about by the gusts of popular opinion, have lost all power to direct opinion. The people stagger in blind and aimless strength, and demand a leader to dare the act that could recreate a nation. But feeble statesmanship at Washington quaffs after-dinner wine to swell the scandal of the place, and dares not take the step which ends the complication and suspense from which all classes are praying to be delivered.

And what great anti-slavery effort is required? Not to express an opinion adverse to the holiness of slavery, not to remonstrate ever so faintly with its supporters and propagandists as such. It is only this, to use the whole strength of the government against the whole weakness of a desperate rebellion. We do not claim that the hate of insurgent slaveholders should be met by exciting an equal hate towards them. Let them have that Satanic advantage over the soldiers of the Republic. But we demand that the directness and energy of purpose of those in arms against civilization should be opposed by like qualities. Anything less than this is a criminal trifling with the lives of brave men exposed to every barbarous assault.

If proofs were needed that the absolute hostility to slavery that this journal has sustained these many years is the only position of effective antagonism, they are now plainly before us. In a certain sense, indeed, we may assert the paradox that the more strongly men have bound themselves to sin, the easier seem the terms of release. Unwilling that any should perish, God has reduced the terms of our salvation to the smallest jot or tittle of vital trust. As we read that Moses did not hold the Jews to the full gospel of marriage on account of the hardness of their hearts, so we are allowed to put away slavery by a simple acquiescence in her writing of divorcement, though in the beginning it was not so. Once men were required who could believe that slavery was a crime which no compact of government should, for an instant, protect. This was once the only position of practical utility. Nobody pretended that the institution should be encouraged or enlarged; at this point all men supposed they had a belief they could live and work by. At last, the time came when those who thoroughly believed even in this partial homage to freedom, could have rendered efficient service to humanity." But, alas! when the test was applied, the deceitfulness of the human heart was clearly manifested, and a conviction not resting on a principle was shown to be a sham and delusion. And now the day is upon us—nay, before these words are in type it may be passed—which shall show whatever scruple of faith, whatever jot of moral efficiency, this complicity with violence has left the representatives of the North. We have, indeed, reason to fear the deceptive strength of political metal which has only flowed into moulds of expediency, and has never been battered on the anvil or tempered in the bath. We fear this nation is to show in its governors the last moral to the story of the Monk, who, being tempted by Satan with three deadly sins, chose drunkenness as the least—and, in that state of moral indifference, straightway committed murder and adultery. Can men of narrow expediencies, who regarded with easy conscience the protection and propagation of slavery—can these men resist subjection to all the catalogue of her villanies when she demands this also at their hands?

After a time the people may gather purpose to execute in bloody fashion what they pay unfaithful servants to think and to do for them. Or it may be that some charm of compromise shall presently lure off the rich and powerful classes from favoring that just solution of our troubles in which they would now acquiesce. Then dark days are upon us: for the freedom of the slave comes through such desolation as the writer of the Apocalypse saw in his fearful vision. The beast who bears the names of blasphemy has already received his deadly hurt, and woe be to the nation if those whom it trusts complete the prophecy by falling down before him. "And I saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads . . . and upon his heads the names of blasphemy . . . and the dragon gave him his power and his seat and great authority. And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death; and his deadly wound was healed: and all the world wondered after the beast. And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast: and they worshipped the beast, saying, *Who is like unto the beast! Who is able to make war with him!*"

It would seem to be the duty of true anti-slavery men, in these present times, not to be over anxious in pressing those arguments from expediency, of which they have ever recognized the soundness and power. As man's spiritual nature expands he knows that right and expediency must be one to God; but it is only through earnest faith in a principle that he can believe they are also one to him. In regard to the cause we have so long advocated there can be no such thing as a half-faith. Men have often pointed to such a delusion, as to the dancing phosphorescence that bewilders the traveller; but when they had gotten well into the bog which it seemed to light, it was never to be found. The Abolitionist must still keep the sharply defined outline which distinguishes him from all who oppose slavery from policy—from hope of personal gain, or fear of personal loss. We should not hesitate still to demand that thinking which is close and searching enough to recognize the entire barbarism of slavery and our duty in its immediate extinction. With what are called "practical considerations," in the market meaning of the term, we have nothing to do. Not by pointing out the immediate good that is to pay in current coin for an act of justice, but by steadily urging its right by eternal necessity, shall we draw men out of the tangled confusions of the present, and direct this great crisis in our national development to its best issue.

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THE CONGRESS OF THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Man is seldom right in his verdict upon the present, and it remains, therefore, for the future to sit in judgment upon it. We live in a great and eventful time. The people of the United States must not allow their attention to be turned aside for one moment, by the skirmishing fire of musketry, from the observation of those events that often enter silently, but nevertheless fraught with greater consequences, that, at least, the future historian may write of one people, that it perfectly comprehended the tendency of the times.

Since the Fourth of July, 1861, the Thirty-seventh Congress has assembled in Washington. Not alone for the United States, but for the entire civilized world, the present Congress equals in its importance that remarkable assemblage of the Fourth of July, 1776, which was formed of men whose immortal deeds the world, to the end of time, will contemplate with wonder and admiration. And now, what has the present Congress to decide? And what gives it such immense significance? The answer can be given in a few, but at the same time, very momentous words: *Congress is called upon to decide whether freedom or slavery, a Republic or despotism, civilization or barbarism, shall rule in this beautiful land.*

Eighty-four years ago, the founders of this Republic, inspired by the greatness of the enterprise, proclaimed to the world the imperishable truth: "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Let us glance at the consequences that arose from this deed. From the enunciation of this great truth, this land became one of those fortunate parts of the world, where man belonged to himself, and where, entirely unfettered, he could cultivate the powers of nature. His energies received a powerful impulse, and the consciousness of the dignity of his race awoke in him. The oppressed inhabitants of other lands longed for the land of freedom; and emigration commenced and increased every year. Let us contemplate the results that the inhabitants of this country have achieved in eighty-four years.

The boundaries of the United States include a superficial extent equal to the whole of Europe. The greater portion of the soil is in a flourishing state of cultivation, and millions of men enjoy upon it an independent and happy existence. The agricultural products of the land are so great that Europe and other lands can be supplied in their times of dearth. Splendid cities lie scattered in all directions, whose sudden advent and rapid growth seem like miracles in comparison to the slow increase of the cities of Europe. The development that industry has reached may be partly comprehended when a city like Cincinnati manufactures yearly to the extent of eighty million dollars.

Inventions and discoveries, which are nearly the only causes of the development of mankind, receive here an application and dissemination that statistics prove to far surpass the Old World, and thus our steamboats, railroads, and electric telegraphs have never been equalled in number or extent by other lands. An unparalleled commerce is drawn to the coasts of the United States; and New York, where this is more evident, owing to the concentration of trade, now competes with old London, which, until now, never had a rival.

Thus we have given the outlines of what freedom has brought the inhabitants of this land; and they are results that stand without equal in the history of the world.

As freedom entered the land and emptied her cornucopia upon it, in one portion, the demon of prejudice stood before the black man, and shut out from him the influence of freedom. In glaring contrast to the immortal words of the Declaration of Independence, quoted above, slavery remained in one half of the United States. The danger and horrible institution was recognized by the founders of the Republic, and Jefferson expressed his fears of it in deep, prophetic words; but, unfortunately, possessing no power to abolish it, they left that task to the future.

The fears of these men have been verified. The results of slavery stand in striking opposition to the results of freedom, as a glance at both pictures will readily show. Slavery has brought the South the deepest demoralization; the father sells his own child and sinks to the level of the brute. Figures prove how far behind in intellectual development stand the people of the slave, in comparison with the people of the free, States. It is an incontestable fact, that the lower a nation stands in civilization, the more soil it needs for its existence; and it is, consequently, just to accept, that precisely as the population census of the North and South stand to each other, just in the same proportion they differ in those results of civilization, viz., trade, industry, art and science. On one side, upon a nearly corresponding superficial extent of land, we see only eight millions of white men, of whom 350,000 are slaveholders, living in indolent ease upon the labor of four million blacks, whom they have robbed of their freedom, and to whom they give no corresponding indemnification; while upon the other side are twenty-two millions of freemen, to every one of whom the opportunity is offered to develop, untrammelled, his faculties, and to make useful his independent activity in the social and political life of the nation. Is it any wonder, then, that these two halves of the United States front each other with arms in their hands? Certainly not. Barbarism and civilization must come in conflict; one recognizes brute force, and the other reason. Worsted in the debate, the South took up arms, and the North must arm also in self-defence.

Fortunately, at this all important time, the choice of the people had placed Abraham Lincoln at the head of affairs. To the attentive observer, the actions of Lincoln, in his short administration, have clearly proved that he is fully equal to the emergency; and the measures of his activity give the incontestable assurance that he will one day occupy in history a position which prejudice and shortsightedness seem unwilling to grant him at present. Who induced the unity of the North and thus spoiled the calculation of the South? Who gave the people the impulse to press forward? Both are the results of the wise measures of our Administration. The statesman that, from excess of zeal, or in consequence of radical views, outruns the activity of the people, achieves the contrary result from what he intended. The past as well as the present, individuals as whole nations, offer numerous proofs of the justice of this remark. But let us take one example out of many:

Edmund Burke was one of the greatest and most liberal statesmen of England, as well as an eloquent defender of the North American Revolution; and yet later in life, when the first French revolution broke out, he proved its bitterest opponent. What was the cause of this singular phenomenon? The French revolution was but the necessary consequence of principles that Burke, for a life-time, had defended with so much genius and penetration? Save that until now Burke had never realized these consequences; they neutralized his activity, and retrogression immediately followed.

All the actions of Lincoln's Administration, down to the late message, are calculated to promote the activity of the people, but not to outrun it; and we may rest assured that the most remote aim will be reached with a certainty almost absolute. Burke, in the following words, spoke in favor of this method:

"Political principles are at best but the product of human reason; while political practice has to do with human nature and human passions, of which reason forms but a part; and that, on this account, the proper business of a statesman is, to contrive the means by which certain ends may be effected, leaving it to the general voice of the country to determine what those ends shall be, and shaping his own conduct, not according to his own principles, but according to the wishes of the people for whom he legislates, and whom he is bound to obey."

In consequence of his wise proceedings, Lincoln has the satisfaction of being able to say to Congress: "Behold a nation who demand, unanimously, that the Southern Confederacy be put down, and who sanction all my preparations to that effect." At his side stands Gen. Scott, the greatest General of our time, whose plans, undoubtedly, will be crowned at last with glorious success. And now, representatives of the people, you have not only to ratify all previous acts of the Administration, and to give the necessary means for the conquest of the rebels; but to you falls also the solution of a problem that your forefathers found impossible. The time has arrived when slavery must be legally abolished. The mere subjugation of the rebels has no worth in itself; the cause itself must be removed, else you cannot prevent the periodical return of such catastrophies, and such repeated concussions will one day ruin the State. The representatives of the people will remember that we live in a time when even the Emperor of Russia must abolish slavery; and that the barbarism that slavery has generated now stands in arms against civilization. The right of self-defence teaches you to destroy slavery. The task is a difficult one, but it must be accomplished. The necessity dictates it. And surely the Congress of the greatest Republic will not shrink from doing what an Emperor of Russia has boldly accomplished. Burke said very wisely: "The aim of the legislator should be, not truth, but expediency." The abolition of slavery is not only practicable, but it is a thing of the most pressing necessity.

And now, attention! Citizens of the United States! You thirty millions of people! Turn not aside from the path you have taken. Give ear to the mighty logic of facts that suffers neither contradiction nor double meaning. Your sons have gone out cheerfully to fight for freedom; to fight for that freedom that your forefathers, in horror of despotism, inaugurated in this land. They will come back victorious. But vainly will their blood be shed, vain the expenditure of such immense sums of money, and vain the interruption of the progress of this country, if the cause be not removed that made the South foe to freedom.

Citizens of this great Republic, the eyes of the civilized world are upon you; for every thinking man recognizes the great importance of the struggle. Rebublicans, do you perceive the value of Freedom? That is the question, which the world now asks of you. Let your representatives hear your unanimous appeal of: "*No slavery! Freedom, and once more Freedom! It is the highest good for men, and the only source from which civilization can arise.*

B. Breithaupt.

ENGLISH OPINIONS AND THEIR CAUSES.

Waterford, Ireland, June 18, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Sir: I have been for some time past attentively reading the American news and newspapers that have come in my way, and am truly sorry to find that the present posture of your affairs seems likely to produce a lasting animosity against England. I have looked in vain for honest and fair expositions of English opinions and their causes, and I now address you for the purpose of laying these opinions and causes, as far as lies in my power, before your readers.

The autumn of last year found no very great liking or disliking between the two countries. We felt more sympathy and friendship for the North than for the South, but the difference was not so great as some of your readers may believe. The great sin of slavery, with its attendant evils, made the whole distinction, but those who looked below the surface saw that the guilt was not so unequally divided as would appear at first sight. If the South imported negroes in defiance of law, the North supplied the means. If the cruelty of the South drove away the bolder spirits among the negroes, the North often caught and returned them. And if slavery was not permitted in the North, the cause was, not that the Northrons were more virtuous, but that they were smarter, and had found that slavery didn't pay. In other things they were pretty equal. If Mississippi repudiated her debts, so did Pennsylvania. With both sections we had a fair and increasing trade, and a moderate prospect of amity.

When Lincoln was elected, and the Southern States one by one seceded, we did not see any cause for regret. We looked upon North and South as an ill-assorted pair, both of which would get on better if alone. Knowing that the Southern States absorb more Federal revenue than they pay, we thought the North would be well rid of a poor relation, and on the other hand, knowing that slavery, if circumscribed, would surely die away in time, we believed that the separatist movement contained the germs of emancipation. You will recollect that views somewhat similar in result obtained in the North during the early part of this year.

Then came the news of the Morrill Tariff. This shocked (no other word will do) the whole nation. The great principles of free trade have taken such firm root in this country, and we believe them to be based on such unimpeachable foundations, that the passing of this tariff surprised and disappointed us about as much as if we had heard that Congress had passed a law making the Romish Church the State religion, and forcing all persons to subscribe to its doctrines. I am not now going to enter into the question of free trade—firstly, it would take more space and time than either you or I could spare, and secondly, it is not germane to the character of your paper. But none the less do I believe that Greeley's views are entirely fallacious, and that free and unrestricted trade conduces to the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

After this came the fall of Fort Sumter, and the uprising of the North, and each successive mail showed that a spirit of war was growing in the country such as we saw little occasion for. Presently it appeared that affairs had come to such a state that it would be necessary to define our position and intentions, which we did in a proclamation which needs no further proof of its fairness than the almost exact copy subsequently issued by France. When this proclamation reached your shores it produced such a howl of impotent rage as to surprise and amaze us not a little. The North seemed to think that we should help them in some undefined manner, and to consider that our recognizing the South as a belligerent was an insult. Were their memories so short that they could not remember how they treated us in the Enlistment question? Had they shown us such sympathy in our wars with Russia and India that they might expect it now? Yet these things were completely forgotten, and it was quietly assumed that because England chose to stand apart, therefore she intended to help the South, and the vials of Northern indignation were poured upon her without stint. The meeting of your diplomatists (who, whatever may be their acquirements, certainly have not learned reticence) at the Louvre was a good sample of American feeling on this point. Their rage at the parallel drawn between the United States and Turkey was really amusing, seeing that the parallel involved no comparison between the characters of the countries.

The issue of your paper for June 29 contains a remarkable article, by W. L. Garrison, in which he says that the civilized world (which means, I suppose, America) yet waits to be intelligently informed of the justifying causes which led England and France to make war upon Russia. If he has not yet been "intelligently informed" I fear it will be little use in me to attempt it now—but this much I can tell him, that all intelligent Englishmen do *not* consider that that war was a mistake. We consider that it was an eminently necessary war, to prevent an overgrown and unscrupulous nation from occupying the ground of a weak neighbor. It was our interest to keep Turkey in the hands of its present possessors, and we succeeded in our object. Does W. L. Garrison really think that the three foremost nations of Europe, England, France and Italy, are such utter fools as to go to the bloodshed and expense of a distant war without very sufficient reason? It is rather too ridiculous of him to stigmatize us as the *ambitious* invaders of Russia. I observe that in a subsequent paper he has to some extent withdrawn these remarks—I am glad of it, but wish he had gone further. I have had, and should wish to have, some respect for the leaders of the anti-slavery cause in America, but it has been much weakened by these remarks, and by an unfounded statement (to use no stronger language) made by Wendell Phillips some months ago, when speaking of the Great Eastern steamer. *This* matter was a trifle—a silly story about the engines working opposite ways when ordered to go ahead—but if leaders of a great cause cannot stick to truth in small matters, they must expect to be doubted in great ones.

The question of our Cotton supply has been frequently raised in connection with your conflict, and it has frequently been suggested that our sympathy for the South arose from a desire to retain our Cotton producers. This is entirely untrue. Our dependence on the South was always precarious, and is now completely gone. Even if we could depend on a continuance of slave supply, the numerous and increasing frauds in the cotton bales would go very far to destroy that confidence which is the only sure foundation for trade. We have now made such plantations of cotton in India and elsewhere as will, I expect, save us from having to apply to any foreign power in future.

There is one feature in the present crisis which Americans cannot or will not see—its wonderful parallelism to their own rebellion in 1775. In both cases the nominal cause was a trifle, and the real cause a radical difference between the people. In both, the separating party committed every trickery, evasion and deceit that they could think of. In both, the rebels were hampered with slaves which their opponents felt it no part of their duty to set free. In both, the anti-secession party, in the rebellious districts, formed a very large minority, overawed by the violence of the majority. In both, the more powerful side fell into the fatal error of despising their opponents. Perhaps I may prophesy that in both the result will be the same—a complete separation; and that in both the separation will prove to be the best thing that could happen to both parties. There are many points in connection with this branch of the subject, into which I forbear to enter—such as the difficulty of holding the South *when* you have conquered, the important effect that a standing army will produce on the national character and finances, etc., etc., etc.; this letter being merely an explanation of our views and their causes.

Why should we sympathize with the North? It represents the *government* of the United States. That government has, almost from its first existence, done all in its power to thwart and annoy us. In proof of this I need only refer to the San Juan question, the Enlistment question, the infamous cheat of the North East boundary (which will leave a stain upon American character for centuries), and a host of others. You may say that these governments were, almost without exception, composed of Southerners, and that therefore the North is not morally responsible for their acts. The premise is correct, but the deduction is not correct. They were backed up and hounded on by the North, which has always shown a deeper animosity against us than the South has.

The present government is entirely Northern, and should therefore be a shining contrast to its predecessors. Is it so? It seems to be a weak, vacillating body, now resting inactive, and anon rushing wildly forward, overriding law and liberty. One of its most prominent members has insulted us by talking of annexing Canada. I do not know how you consider the raid upon the telegraph offices, the institution of martial law in Baltimore, the recognition of the "bogus" government in West Virginia, and the seizure of the petition in New York. To us the first two appear very strange, and the second two downright law breaking. With what conscience can you blame us for recognizing the South when you yourselves recognize a government of secessionists? With what truth can you call yourselves a nation of freemen, when one of the dearest rights of freemen, the right to petition, is thus put down by force?

Why should we sympathize with the South? They are the weaker party, and that goes a great way. They have acted, so far as we can see, with a certainty and directness unknown to the councils of the North. They have on their side some of the most honorable names in America, one of whom alone, Commodore Tattnall, is more endeared to England, by his conduct at Peiho, than any man in the North. On the other hand, they are disgraced by a barbarous system which we hold in utter abhorrence. I think, on the whole, that there is more sympathy felt for your side, though there are very many whose good wishes are all with the South.

If our most valuable colony—Victoria—was to write home—"We have carefully considered the matter, and have come to the conclusion that it would be best for us to separate," we should reply, "We are sorry that you wish to leave our flag, but since you think it best, we are not going to quarrel with you. We have always treated you kindly, and know that you feel nothing but love for us, and that this step is not prompted by anger or jealousy. Whatever happens, we shall always keep friendly towards you. Go, and God bless you." Such, slightly modified to suit the circumstances, would, I believe, be your best language to the seceded States.

Yours respectfully,

An Atom in the Mass of English Opinion.

HOPE AND ASSURANCE.

Concord, N. H., August, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Some of us, who do not wholly subscribe to the belief that the present conflict must inevitably put a final period to slavery, are deemed too deficient in the organ of hope. I have been specified as among the most unfortunate of this class; and some of my few excellent friends have even attempted to cheer me in what they considered my calamity.

To me, however, *hopeful* is no more an anti-slavery word than *despairing*. *Hopeful* implies possibility, at least, of *failure*. My philosophy admits no such possibility.

In all nature and Providence truth is asserting itself, and justice and right are slowly, but still perceptibly, ascending towards universal Empire. What we call good health is the universal rule—sickness and languishing the exception. I have passed through hundreds of our New England towns and villages at midnight, and almost every house was curtained in profound darkness. Only here and there a chamber was lighted, giving sign of illness and watchings within. Pestilence kills but few, here and there. To one year of famine we have many beaming and teeming with plenty. Egypt tells of "seven years of famine"; but these were preceded by seventy times seven of plenty; and so far as we know, plenty almost ever since abounds.

In eighty years of national life we have had but a few years of war. But mostly we have slept in peace. One Pemberton Mill has fallen, and become the awful tomb of a hundred or two of victims. But New England and New York are almost a continuous city of vast manufactories, giving bread and wealth to myriads. Lightning is a minister of life instead of death. In some communities the drunkards are numerous, but never perhaps a majority anywhere; while in large districts, especially in New England, temperance has almost reached its millennium. Insanity and idiocy, blindness, deafness and dumbness, are only the calamity of the smallest minorities. Our slaves are four millions only, our nominally free almost forty millions; and half of them "*have an oath registered in heaven*" that slavery shall die! Paradise, according to Milton's inspirations, was the happy home of thronging uncensured millions, before the pit of perdition was dug, or its blazes kindled; and the fires of even that terrible volcano shall yet be quenched (rash man is he who doubts) by the unquenchable love of the great "I AM."

And thus, ever and forever, the mighty struggle marches onward; and always to ultimate triumph. To *hope* anything else, is to admit the possibility that good is not stronger than evil, nor God mightier than the devil.

Assurance is better than hope, and may be had as cheaply; nay, to him who can accept it, "without money and without price" is the only condition.

And just at the right time shall slavery be surely abolished. Not through inaction on the part of God's human instrumentalities. God has ways to abolish tyranny and cruelty, when men fail in their performance. But woe to the oppressor when God and nature are left to do that which men should have done! For then oppression and oppressor go together.

So far, in this war, there is indeed little to hope, should we allow the word. By our conduct of it, we are becoming the laughing-stock of mankind. Officers have been too often appointed as innocent of all knowledge of military science as the babe born yesterday. Traitors, spies, pirates, are only the "*dissatisfied fellow-countrymen*" of President Lincoln's Inaugural Address, to be pitied, but not punished! Hitherto, we dare not shoot a spy, nor hang a pirate. Our own poor soldier boys have been shot for stealing from the enemy a dinner of potatoes, "contrary to orders," but traitors are swarming unshot in almost every Bureau at Washington, loathsome as the frogs of Egypt, deadly as the fiery flying serpents in the wilderness!

We hurl our young soldiery against the masked batteries of Beauregard, without a single General to direct, whose commission is ninety days old, and only one of even such, and with Colonels that in many instances, if accounts be half true, proved themselves incapable to do more than lead sheep to the slaughter. And when the retreat began, it continued till some of the Zouaves arrived in New York and declared they did not see when the retreat would stop; for as yet no order had reached them to halt.

And this we must call war. Was ever stupendous burlesque beheld till now? It would seem that "*the whole creation, groaning and travailing in pain*," might, for the moment, forget its pangs, and smile at such sublimity of absurdity, folly and wickedness; though its agony should afterwards be intensified and magnified ten thousand fold thereby.

But though every mortal arm fail, and all the counsels of men be brought to naught, still, there survives a power against which all the might and the machinations of evil cannot make way.

It was *assurance*, not *hope*, which enabled the devout Hebrew to sing, exultantly,

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine—the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat: the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall: Yet will I rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation." Parker Pillsbury.

WESTERN ANNIVERSARY POSTPONED.

Concord, N. H., Aug. 10, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I mailed an article for your paper this morning on Hope and Assurance, and the importance of the latter; and now The Standard has come announcing the postponement of the Western Anniversary; and my pen is again running in your direction.

I had hoped we should hear of no more postponements. The Church Anti-Slavery and the so-called "Radical Abolitionists," to our everlasting shame be it spoken, are outstripping us in anti-slavery fidelity and zeal.

How well does Rev. Mr. Cheever say in your paper of to-day: "The present vocation of pronounced Abolitionists is to speak aloud what millions are thinking; and so to be the mouthpiece of an indignant people everywhere demanding that the *Tetrrima Causa*, the underlying and blackest of the causes of that dire war which is so heavy upon them, shall now be swept away."

God forbid that we lose the battle now, reposing on past laurels, however well earned; or worse still, if possible, by dreaming that God is in the "earthquake, whirlwind and fire" of war, instead of "that still, small voice" of eternal truth, so well spoken by us for thirty years, but never more needful than now.

Parker Pillsbury.

MR. PHILLIPS AND GOV. ANDREW.

Philadelphia, Aug. 12th, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The reasoning of Wendell Phillips is usually so clear, logical, and conclusive—his deductions from well-defined premises so thoroughly just, that I always am disposed to doubt the correctness of my own judgment when it rebels at any position which he has assumed, or at the excoriations of that criticism for which he, beyond all other men, is celebrated. Yet I cannot repress the feeling that, in his speech of August 1st, at Abington, he does injustice to Gov. Andrew when he accuses him of having "broken the promise of his whole life, forfeited the confidence of his friends, disgraced the office he holds, and insulted the Commonwealth," by giving a Colonel's commission to an ex-United States Marshal, notorious for his alacrity in the service of slaveholders in bygone years.

Permit me, if you please, to say why I think it was an appointment eminently "fit to be made," since it furnishes the said Charles Devens with an opportunity for atoning, with his blood, for the iniquity of his acts in the case of Thomas Sims. What more proper course could the Governor pursue than to gratify this man's vanity (or cupidity, which so frequently assumes the name of patriotism) by permitting him to offer himself as a target for ball practice for the very men to whose behests he had previously shown himself so extremely subservient? Do we not all see that in this war the Southern traitors are terribly in earnest, and that, to take a sure aim at any individual hailing from Massachusetts, when within rifle range, is deemed a most meritorious act among the chivalry. Why, then, should not those citizens of Massachusetts who have disgraced her fair name by their subservieney to slavery have an opportunity of tendering themselves as a sacrifice, or sin offering, on the altar of their country, and expiating with their blood the political crimes of their previous lives? Why, I could almost find in my heart the wish that Caleb Cushing be given the opportunity of intercepting a cannon ball from a rebel battery, were it not that the public might be surfeited with eulogiums on his *patriotism* and *devotion

North should yield everything and the South nothing? —Slaveholders. In whose favor, *entirely*, without any advantage to the North, has been every compromise between the two sections of country?—The Slaveholders. Every concession has been *wholly on one side*. About what proportion of the people has governed all the rest in the United States?—A one hundred and twentieth part! Who has filled the Presidential chair from the commencement of the Federal government up to the present administration?—With the exception of eight years and one month, it has been filled by either a slaveholder, or by a "Northern man with Southern principles." Has this been truly, as often alleged, a "popular government?"—Not quite so popular as the Empire of Russia. Slaveholders have governed; and a slaveholder can no more be a *Democrat* than a horse-thief, sheep-stealer, highwayman, or a man-thief can be a *Christian*. Who inaugurated the present civil war? —Slaveholders. Who will end the bloody conflict?—We pray and hope that the Lord God of Sabaoth will end it by removing the greatest conceivable curse, "the sum of all villanies." HUMANITAS.

North Latitude, 45 deg., 1861.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, August 12, 1861.

THE newspapers report that the Hon. Alfred Ely, member of Congress from the Rochester district, is engaged in digging ditches for the rebels near Richmond. This story may be false or may be true, but it very naturally raises the question—Why does not the Federal government keep the rebel prisoners in its hands and make an exchange with the Confederate authorities? What are the facts in the case? Since the commencement of the war, the government has had over one thousand prisoners in its hands, and it has let all but one hundred go upon their taking the oath of allegiance. In most instances this oath has been a mere farce, the rebel soldiers after taking it going strait into rebel service again. The government will not exchange prisoners for fear that the act would be in itself a recognition of the Jeff. Davis government. This position is very unsatisfactory to a large portion of the people and troops. It looks to them as perfectly ridiculous for the government which, to-day, is not certain of being able to protect the Capital itself, and which has less troops in the field than Jefferson Davis this very hour, to refuse an exchange of prisoners of war for fear that such a proceeding would give color to the idea that the rebel government is possessed of belligerent rights. "What *would* you do?" asked a prominent gentleman connected with the government of an intelligent outsider who was pleading for an exchange of prisoners. "I would acknowledge them belligerents," was the reply, "*and whip them as belligerents.*" The rebels are in earnest while this government is playing at war. Bull Run startled Mr. Seward from his pleasant reveries of a Union saved by compromise, and he now perceives that there must be separation, or terrible war. He cannot puff his cigar-smoke as placidly over the war that is upon us as he used to do over the fierce speeches made against him in the Senate Chamber, as he reclined in an easy chair in one of the lobbies. But while the Administration is so dreadfully particular about an exchange of prisoners, it was, by no means, so careful when Mr. Cameron wished to obtain the body of his killed brother from the battle-field. A flag of truce was sent down to the rebels to ask for the body. This very act was an acknowledgment of the belligerent character of the enemy. But as if to protest against the idea of recognizing the belligerent character of the rebels, Mr. Cameron addressed his communication, not to Generals Johnson and Beauregard, but "To whom it may concern." Of course the rebels took no notice of such an insult, except to arrest the bearers of the message. Mr. Cameron was fool enough to suppose that men who had fairly beaten him in a great battle would consent to be snubbed and ignored for the sake of conferring a great favor on Mr. Secretary Cameron!

This is the great question of the hour—Shall we acknowledge the war, or pretend that there is only a little insurrection somewhere down South? Acknowledge the war, and let prisoners be exchanged, and then proceed to put down the belligerents—to subjugate them, if the thing can be done. If not, give them a good thrashing and bid them go in the Devil's name. This attempt to toy with the rebellion, to caress it, to set rebels free on taking an oath, while our soldiers are digging ditches around Richmond, will never accomplish but one thing, and that is the utter contempt of the world upon the Administration.

The course of England is beginning to be understood here, since the recent disaster. With eight or ten millions of people in armed revolution, sensible people begin to see the folly of refusing to recognize the conflict as a gigantic war between the two sections—between freedom and slavery. It is, in reality, a war between the North and South, to test the question of supremacy—between freedom and slavery. But it does not follow, if separation takes place, that we are to have slavery in the North, or if we do not separate that there will be *immediate* emancipation in the South. It is safe, however, to say that if we allow the South to beat us in this great contest of arms, and separate, the free States beaten, that slavery will be the predominant power on this continent. On the other hand, if the slave States, the rebel States, get the worst of it in the war—if this government dictates the terms of separation, the Northern republic will be the ruling power here, and freedom will be the leading idea of the New World.

From all I hear, I should judge that a majority of the members of the Administration really favor an acknowledgment of the belligerent rights of the rebels, and an exchange of prisoners, but they are afraid they will be misunderstood both by the rebel leaders and our own people. It certainly seems hard that while we have in our possession (and have had) rebel colonels and any number of privates, that such men as Colonels Corcoran and Wilcox should lie rotting in the dungeons of Richmond.

There has been little change in "the situation" of our military affairs since my last letter. A few more troops have come to Washington. Our defences have been strengthened across the Potomac, new forts having been erected and more artillery put into position. There is no longer any fear that the rebels will make any attack between Alexandria and the Chain Bridge, though it is quite possible that they may attempt to cross the Potomac above the Great Falls, and it is reported that Gen. McClellan is quite willing that they should do so, promising, if they do, to give them a warm reception and comfortable quarters in Washington, those of them who live to reach it as prisoners of war. It seems to be very generally believed that all anxiety respecting the Capital is gone, but one can't forget that Gen. Scott was absolutely *certain* of winning the battle at Bull Run. On Sunday afternoon he took a long nap and told a friend who was present, before he lay down to it, "Before sundown you will get the news of a great victory!" As skilled doctors disagree, so eminent Generals are sometimes mistaken—Gen. Scott among the rest. We must not be too sure that we are going to put down this rebellion. Some of our members of Congress imagine it an easy before-breakfast job, but it is a mighty undertaking. Let the determination be to put it down, if possible, and if not, to give the rebels a good thrashing, so that they will always be a secondary power upon this continent. AVON.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.—An anti-slavery meeting, under the auspices of the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society, was held in William Jackson's grove, near Avondale, Chester Co., Pa., on Saturday last. The weather was delightful, and a large number of people convened. Chandler Darlington presided, and addresses were delivered by Theodore Tilton, Anne E. Dickinson, and Oliver Johnson. The speakers talked of the war in its relations to slavery, dwelling particularly upon the duty of the North to make it a war of emancipation. This idea is uppermost now in the hearts of all who love freedom, and the deepest anxiety is everywhere felt that the government may have the wisdom and the firmness which the crisis demands.

THE REAL QUESTION.—*The Christian Advocate and Journal*, the central organ of the Methodist Church—a paper whose opposition to slavery is of that mild type so often seen in conjunction with a deep-seated hostility to the Abolitionists—has mustered courage to state the question now before the country in very plain terms, thus:

"Both parties to this contest, and especially our own government, are steadily going upon false issues. It is undeniable that slavery has made this war, and, very probably, it will soon be equally evident that there can be no real peace till slavery is thoroughly conquered and rendered politically powerless. This, perhaps, can be done without any change of the Constitution; if not, then must that instrument be modified so as to meet the demands of the case. We have failed to learn under the gentler teachings of truth and right, but the terrible logic of events is rapidly revolutionizing public opinion as to this slavery business."

The organ of the Methodist Church was never known to be ahead of public opinion on any moral question, and it is not so in this case. The demand for the abolition of slavery, as the only means of putting down the Southern rebellion, grows louder every day. How long will the government refuse to obey the voice of the people?

Our European Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, July 20th, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DR. CHEEVER has been in Dublin at last, and has held two or three anti-slavery meetings, besides several others of a specially clerical character. I was truly glad to have an opportunity of seeing and hearing one who has borne himself with such courage and faithfulness in your country. His language is forcible and impressive, and his manner animated; but he is *seen* to more advantage in his books than in the pulpit or on the platform, owing to his habit of reading his addresses. Great skill is required to carry an audience "out of themselves" by reading a written essay. Nothing could be more plain-spoken than the Doctor's denunciation of your unfaithful, time-serving "ministers of the Gospel," and as to the Abolitionists he did them the amplest justice as the prime movers of all that has been attempted or effected on behalf of the slave, of late years, in America. But I observed that the only Abolitionist whom he named was that estimable veteran, William Goodell, whilst he asked assistance from "Christian" Abolitionists here to "Christian" Abolitionists in America, and he spoke of the desirableness of establishing a paper for the advocacy of abolitionism on "Christian" principles. Now, I am not clear that the present mode of promoting abolitionism, most in fashion amongst you, namely, by guns and bayonets, is a Christian mode—but I see no good reason why the plan hitherto pursued by the American Anti-Slavery Society is liable to objection as unchristian. They have told a plain story of the slave's position and his wrongs, and have asked priests and politicians to act towards him in accordance with their own declared principles of attachment to religion and liberty. They have refused to recognize or to shelter shams, no matter how imposing, and their course has been upright, downright, and straightforward. It so happens that this word Christian, as used by Dr. Cheever, has a strictly sectarian meaning in England. It is used by the Calvinistic sectarians to designate themselves and their fellow professors as apart from all other believers of whatever kind. One unfortunate result of this somewhat unreasonable assumption is, that those who are not "Christian" in this sense do not look on themselves as invited to the feast when a "Christian" speaker has anything to offer—and accordingly Dr. Cheever's audiences were so exclusively made up of "Christians" (beside a sprinkling of Friends or Quakers who are, after a fashion, *ex-officio* Abolitionists on this side of the Atlantic) that it is likely but very, very few Episcopalians, Catholics, or other outsiders, heard a word he uttered in Dublin. For the sake of the cause, I regret that Dr. Cheever countenanced this exclusive way of advocating a cause which requires the help of all who have help to give—but, at the same time, I am bound to say that it was the best thing he could do for the promotion of the special object that brought him over. Many who would assist a "Christian" Abolitionist would not give a penny to free all the slaves in the United States unless the thing were done according to their own prescription. The Dr. has been well supported in Scotland amongst his own zealous fellow professors, and his success in England would, I doubt not, have been commensurate, had he had time to lay the claims of his Church before the British public. I shall be heartily glad to learn that through his energetic efforts the Church of the Puritans has been freed from the embarrassment in which it was placed by its Pastor's truly noble fidelity to truth and humanity.

As to the President's message, whatever else it is, it is not anti-slavery. The slaveholders have nothing to fear from him as such. As rebels only have they anything to apprehend—and if they will but give up the hope of carrying on business on their own account, the General Government will undertake, as heretofore, to guarantee, hunt, restore, and overawe their human chattels. As far as anything is to be hoped from Lincoln and Seward, the slave would have a better chance from the acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy than by the success of the Northern armies in subduing the South and forcing them back into an unwilling Union. To be sure, if the Union is patched up, it will be only for a time, since, at this time of day, liberty and slavery are not more likely to coalesce than oil and water—and if the sore is apparently healed it will soon break out afresh—and the day of settlement must come at last.

In a late letter of Mrs. Stowe, quoted in the STANDARD, from *The Independent*, I observe that she despairs of the sympathy of England in consequence of something said by Lord Shaftesbury and *The Anti-Slavery Reporter*, and of something that Exeter Hall did not say. Now, this is really unreasonable. The English people are no more responsible for the silence of Exeter Hall or the notions of *The Anti-Slavery Reporter* and Lord Shaftesbury than you are for those of the New York *Herald* or the New Orleans *Bulletin*. Judge of the house by the building, and not by one, or two, or three, or half a dozen bricks.

In a very beautiful poem of Bryant's, which you have quoted, called "O! mother of a mighty race," he says, I think without sufficient warrant, that the older dames "admire and hate" this mother's blooming years; and (more correctly) that with words of shame and taunts of scorn they join her name. Now, this comes out at an awkward time along with the President's message—for what other language can they use now that at Abraham Lincoln's suggestion the "Mother of a mighty race" is about to act so shabbily as to go back to her old trade of jailor and slave-catcher, which we all thought she was about to give up, and to turn to better courses, in which case she might have treated their hate and pride with the utmost sovereign contempt.

I am glad you have admitted the gross injustice you did to my honored friend Lucretia Mott, in saying that she recommended her Boston audiences to prosecute the war "with energy." I own I was astonished when I read this piece of news, but peace doctrines have got such a rude shake since the Fort Sumter affair that I would hardly be surprised if Henry C. Wright were to buckle on his knapsack and march to the wars. Officially understood, this is no longer in any sense an anti-slavery war, and if it succeeds as Seward wishes, it will prove the salvation of slavery for a time; but, I suppose you are all in good heart and hope, in the full assurance that good will come out of all their "knavish tricks," that right will come uppermost, and ever be justice done.

DUBLIN, July 26, 1861.

NONE of the English journals is more reliable in its justice and its sympathy for your country than the *Daily News*. Its comments upon American affairs are the result of an extraordinary extent of acquaintance with your history, politics, and modes of thought. I was therefore glad to find, while looking over its columns to-day, that the opinions of that paper were identical with that I have frequently had occasion to express of late—that you may safely place to the account of English ignorance or misinformation, rather than to malice, envy, or ill will, anything which appears unfriendly or unfavorable to your country which you may see in the English press. Being an Irishman, I am less liable to be too favorably warped in my judgment about England and Englishmen. My opinion of their greatness, goodness and infallability is probably not equal to that which they have formed of themselves. I don't think they engross all the virtues, or that they so immeasurably surpass all other people as they commonly suppose. I believe both virtues and vices are more evenly distributed than national vanity generally permits men to admit or to imagine. Nevertheless, it is my fixed belief that the prevalent sentiment of Englishmen is one of hearty good will to the free States of the North, and that they have a hearty desire to see your whole nation free from the incubus and disgrace of slavery. They are averse from war chiefly on account of the bitter experience they have had of its enormous expensiveness and its injurious influence on the best interests of the country—not by any means from fear that they would themselves come off second best in case of a contest. I am sure you must have been rejoiced before now in observing what an able coadjutor the anti-slavery cause has got in my countryman, Mr. Russell, *The Times* commissioner, whose testimony is so potent and telling against slavery. His declaration that he has seen none of the cheerfulness among the slaves which we have so often heard of, his pictures of the dirt, discomfort, slovenliness, brutality, cruelty and barbarism, of the slave States will have a powerful effect in directing aright the tide of English public opinion. The evidence of Mr. Russell, who, in one of his early letters from the South, declared that he was neither a 'nigger' worshipper, a black Republican, nor anything of the kind, will be more valued in England than if it had come from an angel in Heaven. What such a very unsentimental man says will be believed. People will think they show their sense in minding what he says, who would regard an Abolitionist as a mere twaddler. Dr. Cheever told me he had to thank the New York *Herald* for scattering his sermon broadcast through the slave States, so *The Times* newspaper, lately an advocate, so far as it dared, of British West India slavery, keeps a writer on its pay who fills its columns with those truths which the Garrisonians disseminated with such diligence when they first began their labors. Indeed, the anti-slavery education of the British people goes on with rapidly increasing celerity and effectiveness. The most popular of our periodicals swarm with illustrations, moral, ethical, religious and narrative, of the character and tendency of slavery. Miss Remond has become a representative woman amongst us, and Miss Mattie Griffith's noble sacrifices have actually opened the way for her into the highest and selectest order of social and literary aristocracy. It is only the other day I met in four consecutive numbers of "*The Leisure Hour*," a weekly periodical of vast circulation, the narrative of an escaped slave, who turns out to be the brother of my estimable friend "Linda," whose narrative is one of the most interesting and affecting in the whole compass of anti-slavery literature. When I first looked on her kind, good-natured face, I little knew what a heroine of freedom stood before me.

A paragraph quoted in a late STANDARD from *The Tribune* gives a description of the physical and moral aspect of the Northern soldiers which thrills all well-wishers to your cause with pleasure and exultation; and the impression it will create in England will be highly favorable. The upshot of a contest in which such men engage with such enthusiasm and in such multitudes cannot fail to be favorable to their best aspirations. It will be wonderful, incredible, that the nation which would eagerly decree a levy of half a million of men and 100 million sterling should fail in sweeping away a barbarous institution, which they feel to be disgraceful to their country in the eyes of all civilized nations, and the only impediment in her path to a pitch of power, greatness and glory such as no other nation has ever yet achieved.

It may interest you to know that a Life of Captain John Brown, whom the United States have greatly to thank for the progress they have lately made towards this grand consummation, is about to be published by one of the most eminent London firms, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. This book extends to upwards of 450 pages and contains a large amount of information respecting Brown and his confederates which has never before been published in a collected shape. I am glad that this volume is about to appear, as the subjects of the memoir are well deserving of being better known in England, and the Life by Mr. Redpath has never had much circulation here. Indeed the same may be said of most American books, unless they happen to be taken up by well-known London publishers.

Of all the Southern men, the only one in whom I feel any friendly interest from his antecedents, is Captain Avis, John Brown's jailer. Of all the jailers of whom history makes mention, he is the one on whom the pleasantest light is shed by his own kindness and humanity, as well by the moral grandeur of his prisoner. May he be tenderly regarded when himself taken prisoner, and may he find himself on the right side at last.

Wendell Phillips's last speech at Framingham was glorious. How such utterances lift you up out of yourself! While you read them you feel as if you were able for anything magnanimous, good and great. What a pity that we of the common herd cannot stay "up." The passage I admired the most was his rebuke of Gov. Andrew—because I felt that it must have cost the speaker such an effort, and that he must have spoken it "in the cross." The faithfulness and courage which such utterances demand are sublime to witness, for they would be fearfully difficult to imitate. Akin to this grandeur of moral courage was that of Dr. Cheever, whom I heard a few days since tell a select assembly, chiefly of his own clerical fellow professors, how they might form some idea of the extent to which this evil thing has corrupted all classes in America from the fact that the President's message, just published, had not a word about slavery, and that the Rev. H. W. Beecher, so popular as a Congregational minister and a good abolitionist, had, in his late address to the Brooklyn Phalanx, protested against any violent interference with the *property* of the slaveholders—thus to the full admitting, like Lord Brougham himself, "the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man."

The Rev. Wm. Henry Channing is, I believe, on a visit to his native country. Shortly before leaving he did good service to the American cause by the publication of an able and timely address giving a narrative of "the Civil War in America and the Slaveholders' Rebellion," in which he gives from Southern documents and speeches exactly such an expose of the treachery and dishonesty of the secession leaders as will create a profound impression wherever it is read. Yours truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE country has before it but this alternative, Destruction, or the Abolition of Slavery. There is no escape. It is written by the finger of God on the Tablet of Destiny. We are in the wood, there is no other way out. Here and there thoughtful men are becoming impressed with this truth, and some have declared it from the pulpit. Let none, whose eyes are opened, fail to utter their testimony. It is a case of life and death.

Jefferson Davis and Beauregard are said to have stimulated the rebel armies up to the barbarism of their warfare. But the ferocity of these manifestoes themselves, and the diabolical cruelty displayed by the rebels throughout the war, have one only source, *no other than slavery*. Slavery, acting on successive generations, has evolved and educated a race whose deeds of to-day (if we read them even as taking place in old dark ages), we should reject as the immediate fictions of some distorted, extravagant imagination, that delighted to revel in the darkness and cruelty of hell. S. L.

DAY OF FASTING, HUMILIATION, AND PRAYER.

It will be seen from the President's proclamation, published below, that we are to have a National Fast. Observe how carefully the President avoids any direct allusion to the one great cause of our national troubles. He does, indeed, speak of "our faults and crimes as a nation," but why did he not name the one gigantic crime which has so long exposed us to the scorn of the world and the judgments of Heaven, and which, if not speedily repented of, will lead us to utter destruction? We trust the day may be improved by the "ministers and teachers of religion" for the discussion of this fearfully important matter, and that a public opinion may thus be evoked that shall demand of the President a proclamation of freedom for the enslaved.

A PROCLAMATION

By the President of the United States of America:

Whereas, A joint committee of both houses of Congress has waited on the President of the United States, and requested him to recommend a day of public humiliation, prayer and fasting, to be observed by the people of the United States with religious solemnities, and the offering of fervent supplications to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of these States, His blessings on their arms, and a speedy restoration of peace;

And whereas, It is fit and becoming in all people at all times to acknowledge and revere the supreme government of God, to bow in humble submission to His chastisements, to confess and deplore their sins and transgressions in the full conviction that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to pray with all fervency and contrition for the pardon of their past offences, and for a blessing upon their present and prospective action;

And whereas, When our beloved country, once, by the blessing of God, united, prosperous and happy, is now afflicted with faction and civil war, it is peculiarly fit for us to recognize the hand of God in this visitation, and, in sorrowful remembrance of our own faults and crimes as a nation and as individuals, to humble ourselves before Him, and to pray for His mercy—to pray that we may be spared further punishment, though justly deserved: that our arms may be blessed and made effectual for the restablishment of law, order and peace throughout our country, and that the inestimable boon of civil and religious liberty, earned under His guidance and blessing by the labors and sufferings of our fathers, may be restored to all its original excellence: Therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do appoint the last Thursday in September next as a day of humiliation, prayer and fasting for all the people of the nation, and I do earnestly recommend to all the people, and especially to all ministers and teachers of religion of all denominations, and to all heads of families, to observe and keep that day according to their several creeds and modes of worship in all humility and with all religious solemnity, to the end that the united prayer of the nation may ascend to the Throne of Grace, and bring down plentiful blessings upon our own country.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the United States to be affixed this 12th day of August, A.D. 1861, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-sixth. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in Roxbury, July 31st, Dr. AMOS FARNSWORTH (formerly of Groton), in the 73d year of his age. Among the earliest to espouse the unpopular cause of the enslaved millions in our land, he remained steadfast to the end—allowing no considerations of professional success, or local respectability, or religious standing, or social position, to abate his zeal, or limit his action. His public identification with that cause dates back more than twenty-seven years. It was at an Anti-Slavery Convention in Groton, where Dr. F. presided, on the 1st of October, 1834, that GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., the eloquent advocate of negro emancipation from England, made his introductory speech—the commencement of that extended series which so electrified the friends and so alarmed the enemies of those in bondage at the South. His residence was, for many years, the hospitable home of the agents and lecturers of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, of which he was an honored officer, as well as President of the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society. The service rendered to our cause, in its infancy, by so decided and uncompromising an adhesion as he gave to it, was, in view of his position, exceedingly valuable and important. Though not permitted to live to see the abolition of slavery, his departure was at an hour full of promise in that direction—it being more and more manifest that that beneficent act will be essential to the life of the Republic, and the only solution of the terrible conflict which is now going on in the land.

"O, Age! thy silver crown
Into the dust drops down:
O, Death! thy sunset shadows close the eyes.
Earth's weary winter ends;
The withered leaf descends;
The winged seed is wafted to the skies.

"What glorious visions ope
Beyond the cloudy cope
Of pent Mortality's contracted span!
O, Death! where is thy sting?
Now blooms the second spring,
And youth and love renew the aged man.

"Give to the dust its own!
Glad Soul, ascend thy throne!
In triumph rise—the onward march is given!
From sphere to sphere ascend!
Thy bliss shall never end—
For thine is life, love, harmony and heaven!"

—*Liberator.*

Chronicles of the War.

THE LATEST WAR NEWS.

From The Tribune of Wednesday.

OUR news from Missouri is exciting and important. The absence of full details prevent us from speaking with entire confidence concerning the occurrences to which we allude. We learned yesterday, first by vague rumors, and then by the official report of one of Gen. Lyon's aids, that on Saturday Gen. Lyon and Gen. Sigel, with a force of 8,000 men, gave battle to 23,000 rebels at a point nine miles south-east of Springfield, Missouri. The action was severe. The loss on our side was 800 killed and wounded; on that of the rebels it was very heavy, though the numbers are not given. Among our killed we regret to be obliged to write the name of Gen. Lyon, who fell while gallantly making a charge at the head of his column. Among the rebels killed were Ben. McCulloch and Gen. Price. The force of the enemy included regiments from Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee; also the Texas Rangers, and a large number of half-breeds.

This battle, which was at first announced as a defeat, appears now to have been a splendid victory. The rebels were forced back with terrible slaughter, and, when the day closed upon the combatants, we were in victorious possession of the field. On Sunday morning, Gen. Sigel, thinking the enemy might cut him off from reenforcements, retired upon Rolla, with all his baggage, and $250,000 in money, which had been placed in his hands. It is probable that fuller accounts will set this victory in a still brighter light from that it has in the dispatches at this hour received. As it now stands, however, it is of a nature to excite the enthusiastic pride of all.

The loss of Gen. Lyon will be sincerely regretted. This officer, descended from ancestors distinguished in the Revolutionary war, was educated at West Point, from which Academy he was graduated in 1841, and has been in active service since, ranking as Captain in the 2d Infantry. He recently was made a Brigadier-General, and placed in command over the Missouri volunteers. He was 42 years of age, and had gained a valuable experience and an honorable name by his actions in the military operations on our frontier. He also won distinction in the Mexican war, having been brevetted for gallantry in the battles at Contreras and Cherubusco. He was wounded at the City of Mexico in September, 1847. As he was leading a charge, his horse was killed under him; he immediately mounted another, and was cheering on his men, when he was struck by a ball and immediately fell.

A flag of truce was on Monday sent from Norfolk to Fortress Monroe with a number of released prisoners who were captured at Bull Run, being chiefly surgeons. These have full lists of the wounded prisoners, and of the wounded who died in the hospitals after their capture. Col. Corcoran is well. They estimate the number of our men now prisoners in Richmond at from 1,000 to 1,200. They state that Beauregard declares the rebels had only 15,000 engaged on their side at the battle of Bull Run, and that they would have fled when defeat impended had they not been buoyed up by the expectation of reenforcements from Johnston. Their wounded are thought to number 1,500.

A few days ago, the Captain of the steamer Resolute, having heard that at Herring Creek, on the Potomac, there was a depôt for arms, ammunition, and supplies for the South, set out to break it up. He was fired at with muskets, but landed in a boat and destroyed the premises. He found a rebel party from Maryland concealed in a house, whom he chased for a mile; but they were as fleet of foot as if they had been true Virginians, and made good their escape. Several contraband negroes were taken.

We learn that the pirate Sumter was at Curacoa on the 17th of July, being permitted to enter the port by the Governor, against the protest of the United States Consul.

A dispatch from Louisville states that Judge Catron of the Supreme Court, whose recent admirable charge to the Grand Jury concerning the crime of treason excited much remark, has been expelled from Nashville by the Vigilance Committee because he would not resign his judgeship.

We learn from Cairo that the Tennessee rebels under Gen. Pillow have landed at New Madrid, and that Jeff. Thompson contemplates an immediate attack on Cape Girardeau.

Two of the released surgeons agree that our wounded at Richmond are well cared for. Good air and good food, but somewhat crowded. They deny that our wounded were bayoneted, or our hospitals shelled; that there were masked batteries or intrenchments upon the field of battle.

One of Beauregard's aids told them that but 15,000 were engaged on their side, and confessed that if their soldiers had been aware that they were whipped along the whole line, they would have fled.

What buoyed them up and dispirited us was the false story that Johnston was coming with 17,000 reserves. Their wounded taunted ours, lying side by side, with the soon-to-come reenforcement, which turned out to be but 4,000 strong.

The surgeons believe their wounded to be 1,500. At least, greatly more than ours. Theirs are along the road from Manassas to Richmond, in hospitals and private houses. Ours are mostly at Richmond. The prisoners are being distributed among the several States.

The surgeons were released on their parole not to do duty on the field. They can, however, tend the wounded in hospitals.

The surgeons took a parole at Manassas the day after the battle, that they might return to our wounded. Only those were granted parole who were captured while attending wounded. Two of them have had interviews with Mr. Cameron, and will have with the President to-morrow.

REPLY OF SECRETARY CAMERON TO MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

WASHINGTON, August —, 1861.

GENERAL: The important question of the proper disposition to be made of fugitives from service in the States in insurrection against the Federal government, to which you have again directed my attention in your letter of July 20, has received my most attentive consideration. It is the desire of the President that all existing rights in all the States be fully respected and maintained. The war now prosecuted on the part of the Federal government is a war for the Union, for the preservation of all constitutional rights of States, and the citizens of the States in the Union. Hence no question can arise as to fugitives from service within the States and Territories in which the authority of the Union is fully acknowledged. The ordinary form of judicial proceedings must be respected by military and civil authorities alike for the enforcement of legal forms. But in the States wholly or in part under insurrectionary control, where the laws of the United States are so far opposed and resisted that they cannot be effectually enforced, it is obvious that the rights dependent upon the execution of those laws must temporarily fail, and it is equally obvious that the rights dependent on the laws of the State within which military operations are conducted must be necessarily subordinate to the military exigencies created by the insurrection if not wholly forfeited by the treasonable conduct of parties claiming them. To this the general rule of right to service forms an exception. The act of Congress, approved August 6, 1861, declares that if persons held to service shall be employed in hostility to the United States, the right to their services shall be forfeited, and such persons shall be discharged therefrom. It follows, of necessity, that no claim can be recognized by the military authority of the Union for the services of such persons, when fugitives.

A more difficult question is presented in respect to persons escaping from the service of loyal masters. It is quite apparent that the laws of the State under which only the service of such fugitives can be claimed, must needs be wholly, or almost wholly, suspended. As to the remedies by the insurrection and the military measures necessitated by it, it is equally apparent that the substitution of military for judicial measures for the enforcement of such claims must be attended by great inconveniences, embarrassments and inquiries. Under these circumstances it seems quite clear that the substantial rights of local masters are still best protected by receiving such fugitives, as well as fugitives from disloyal masters, into the service of the United States, and employing them under such organizations and such occupations as circumstances may suggest or require. Of course a record should be kept showing a name and description of the fugitives; the name and the character, as loyal or disloyal, of the master, and such facts as may be necessary to a correct understanding of the circumstances of each case, after tranquility shall have been restored. Upon the return of peace Congress will, doubtless, properly provide for all the persons it has received into the service of the Union, and for a just compensation to loyal masters. In this way only, it would seem, can the duty and safety of the government and the just rights of all be fully reconciled and harmonized.

You will, therefore, consider yourself instructed to govern your future action in respect to fugitives from service by the premises herein stated, and will report from time to time, and at least twice in each month, your action in the premises to this department. You will, however, neither authorize nor permit any interference by the troops under your command with the servants of peaceful citizens in a house, nor will you in any way encourage such servants to leave the lawful service of their masters; nor will you, except in cases where the public good may seem to require it, prevent the voluntary return of any fugitive to the service from which he may escaped.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

To Major General BUTLER, Commanding Department of Virginia, Fortress Monroe.

"SABLE CLOUDS."

SLAVES WITH THE REBEL ARMY.—We clip the following from The New Orleans *Crescent:* Tom, the slave of our citizen, James H. Phelps, took a fancy to go soldiering, and his master willingly gratified him, and Tom was engaged by Capt. Kountz of the De Soto Rifles to attend him through the war. There are hundreds of other slaves like Tom gone to kill the Yankees. Tom's highest ambition appears to be to kill a Yankee. He writes to his mother, who is owned in the family of Mr. Phelps, the letter below. We hope he will be gratified in hunting up and obtaining a Yankee's scalp:

YORKTOWN, Va., July 4, 1861.

DEAR MOTHER: I take this opportunity of writing to you to let you Know that I am well and doing well, and I hope that this letter will find you as well as I am now in Yorktown. I will leave at 4 o'clock p. m. to day for a scout about the woods for the Yankees. Well, we are only six miles from the Yankees at Young's Mill, where my captain is now, and I am going out to-day at 4 o'clock to find him. I left him at Warwick Court-House, nine miles from Yorktown. I came back to get some blankets, and then moved on to Young's Mill. We are looking out for a fight on the 5th of July by the 5th Regiment Louisiana volunteers. Give my love to Mistress and Master Jim Phelps, and to all of them in New Orleans. You must excuse this bad writing. I am writing in a hurry. I have not time to write. I am about to leave for the Mill. So good by to all. No more at present. Your devoted son, THOMAS A. PHELPS.

P. S.—Good by to the white folks until I kill a Yankee.
T. A. P.

DISAFFECTED SLAVES.—Many of the negroes in Richmond are at present idle, on account of the tobacco factories having been closed, and there is considerable uneasiness felt in regard to them by the white population. The patrol and police force, which parade the streets day and night, always have their guns loaded, so as to be prepared for any emergency. The negroes are kept well-informed of the course of events, by the colored waiters at the various hotels, where the officers, over their wine and whiskey, discuss military affairs with more freedom than discretion. A short time ago, three negroes were passing down one of the streets of Richmond, when one of them complained to the others of the treatment he had recently received from his master, to which one of his companions replied, "Well, never mind; Massa Lincoln will be here soon, and den it will be all right." This conversation having been overheard, the negroes were arrested, and each received thirty-nine lashes. On another occasion our informant saw a negro drilling, in the outskirts of the city, after the usual military fashion, some forty or fifty negroes. He asked him what he was drilling the negroes for, to which he replied, "Oh! everybody learnin' to be soldiers, now; why not de darkeys, too?" Not satisfied with this answer, he repeated the interrogatory, when the negro said, "Well, really, massa, I don't like to say." It is a general complaint among the whites that the negroes are much more impudent than usual, and but little disposed to cheerfully submit to the restraints which were formerly imposed upon them.—*Philadelphia Press.*

PRACTICAL JOKE OF A CHICAGO FIRE ZOUAVE.—A member of the New York Fire Zouaves who went from Chicago to join Col. Ellsworth in April, and who, until then, had been an industrious typo on The Chicago *Tribune*, was out on picket duty one day last month, when the following incident occurred: An F. F. V., with rather more than the usual supercilliousness of his race, rode up in a carriage from the direction of Alexandria, driven of course by his "servant." Zoo-zoo stepped into the road, holding his bayonet in such a way as to threaten horse, negro and white man at one charge, and roared out "tickets." Mr. V. turned up his lip, set down his brows, and by other gestures indicated his contempt for such mud sills as the soldier before him, ending by handing his pass over to the darkey and motioning him to get out and show it to Zoo-zoo. "All right," said the latter glancing at it, "move on"—accompanying the remark with a jerk at the coat collar of the colored person, which sent him spinning several paces down the road. "Now, sir, what do you want?" addressing the astonished white man. White man had by this time recovered his tongue: "Want? I want to go on of course. That was my pass." "Can't help it," replied Zoo; "it says pass the bearer, and the bearer is already passed. You can't get two men through this picket on one man's pass." Mr. V. reflected a moment, glanced at the bayonet in front of him, and then called out to his black man to come back. Sambo approached cautiously, but fell back in confusion when the "shooting-stick" was brandished towards his own breast. "Where's your pass, sirrah?" asked Zoo-zoo. "Here, massa," said the chattel, presenting the same one he had received from the gent in the carriage. "Won't do," replied the holder of the bayonet. "That passes you to Fairfax. Can't get any one from Fairfax on that ticket. Move on." A stamp of the foot sent Sambo down the road at a hand gallop. "Now, sir, if you stay here any longer, I shall take you under arrest for headquarters," he continued Mr. V. grabbed up his lines, wheeled around and went off at the best trot his horses could manage over the "sacred soil." Whether Sambo ever hunted his master up is not known.

THE SLAVES IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—*Head of the Kanawha, July* 31.—Everywhere we hear of the depredations of the rebel army on its flight. "They call it pressing," remarked an old planter to me to-day, "but it looks to me very much like highway robbery." They frequently pressed negroes, to drive the teams. Gov. Wise himself carried away a slave belonging to Col. William Dickinson of Malden, against the indignant remonstrances of his master. It is something new for the erratic old Virginian to appear in the character of a "nigger-stealer."

In the afternoon we passed through Cannelton, where a hundred negroes are employed in the coal-oil works—two long, begrimed, dilapidated buildings, near the river, with a few wretched-looking houses in the vicinity. Immense deposits of cannel coal are found in the hill which rises abruptly from the river, and it is brought down to the works upon an inclined plane railway. Very few of the inhabitants were visible, except the negroes, who were all of deep, unqualified and shining black, as if their native hue had been intensified by repeated coatings of coal dust, rubbed in with the oil. When I asked one of them, "Where are all the white people?" he replied, with a broad grin, "Run away, massa." He evidently appreciated the honor of the situation, like a negro woman encountered by a friend of mine, with our army, a few weeks ago. "Have you run away from your master?" inquired my friend. "Golly, no," was her prompt answer, "Massa run away from *me!*"

And here a word about the negroes in general. When any one from the South assures you that the slaves are indifferent to this conflict, or sympathize with the rebels, just conclude that there is some mistake about it. Everywhere, the negroes look upon our armies as their friends. I have heard them a dozen times, within the last few days, greet our approach with "Hurrah for Mass'r Lincoln." "Dey told us," said a group with whom I conversed in Cannelton, "dat if your army cotched us, you would cut off all our right feet; but, Lord, I knowed you wouldn't hurt *us!*" At one house, where we stopped for dinner, the planter professed to be a strong Union man, and several of our officers began to talk with him quite freely about army movements. A negro woman managed to beckon me into a back room, and when I followed her there, seized my arm very earnestly and said: "I tell you, Mass'r's only just putting on. He hates you all, and wants to see you killed. As soon as you have passed, he will send right to Wise's army, and tell him what you mean to do. He's been in a heap of trouble," she added, "but, Lord, dese times just suits *me!*"

At another house, while the planter, whom we knew to be a rebel, had stepped out for a moment, a very intelligent young colored woman, with an infant in her arms, stationed two negro girls on guard at the door to watch for his return, and interrogated me as to the progress and the probable results of the war. "Is it true," she asked, very sadly, "that your army has been hanging and returning runaway slaves?" Thanks to Gen. Cox, who understands that he was sent into Virgin

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

OUR COLORS.

TO THE INDEPENDENCE (IOWA) GUARDS.

BY STEPHEN J. W. TABOR.

Go forth to the field, and with loyalty true
Unfold our dear banner—the Red, White and Blue;
But in its defence, when our foes you attack,
Be noble, and strike for the White and the Black.

Undaunted and daring, for freedom be brave,
That the Red, White and Blue may ne'er float o'er a slave;
In liberty's cause may you never turn back,
But remember you fight for the White and the Black.

Oh, scorn to be bloodhounds for traitors and knaves,
Nor send to their tyrants poor fugitive slaves;
But save the oppress'd from the scourge and the rack,
Be saviors alike to the White and the Black.

Go forth, then, ye Guards, to our country be true,
Give honor and fame to the Red, White and Blue;
They who seek it for freedom, oh, never drive back—
Let it wave in the winds for the White and the Black.

Let our flag bless each clime, each color and hue,
That with pride we may look on the Red, White and Blue,
And the will and the power may our soldiers ne'er lack
To battle alike for the White and the Black.

The world with emotion our flag will then view,
And we can exult in the Red, White and Blue—
To our standard will point the slave's trusting track,
And its folds will encircle the White and the Black.

Go forth to success—know our hearts are with you,
May you victory gain with the Red, White and Blue—
By and bye, with glad tears may we welcome you back,
When nobly you've fought for the White and the Black.

Three cheers for our standard so varied in hue!
Three cheers for our colors, the Red, White and Blue!
Three cheers for our soldiers, who traitors will hack!
Three cheers for our brothers, the White and the Black!

Independence, Iowa, July 12, 1861.

IT IS VERY POSSIBLE.

Translated for THE STANDARD from the German of JOHANN HEINRICH DANIEL SCHOKKE.

BY STEPHEN J. W. TABOR.

[CONCLUDED]

III.

The Prophet.

If, however, Baron Stryk's axiom contributed strength and stability of mind, as well as an inflexible adherence to truth, it also sometimes brought him many vexations, or what most people would certainly consider such, though it was no easy matter to disturb his equanimity.

As an example, he was present on one occasion at a ministerial council where the Elector himself was present. It was during the early intoxication of the French revolution. When the Council had concluded its sitting, the members conversed upon the events at Paris, Lyons and Strasburg. They pointed out the monstrous transformation of the French people, who were formally so idolatrous of their kings, and who now manifested such an exuberance of joy at the downfall of thrones.

"It is the most shameful people upon the whole face of God's earth!" cried the Elector: "no other nation would so conduct. In contrast with them, I think of my own subjects—never, never, I am indubitably confident, will they be seized with such an insane fury, or bow the knee to any other government than mine. Do you think it possible, Counsellor Stryk?"

The Baron happened, at this instant, to have his thoughts otherwise employed, and only half heard the words of his prince. He shrugged his shoulders in an embarrassed manner, and, according to his custom, replied: "Certainly, sire, it is very possible!"

The Elector was astounded. "Is such your opinion?" he exclaimed. "Can you suppose there will be a moment when *my* subjects will feel joy at my overthrow?"

"It is very possible," said the Baron, and this time with deliberate reflection. "Men are ignorant of the future, and nothing is more uncertain than a reliance upon a people which is composed of individual men, each one of whom vastly prefers himself to any prince in the world. A new order of things always gives birth to new hopes, and hopes are ever more seductive to the human mind than the possession of present good. Consequently, your Serene Highness, loved as you are by your subjects, and deserving as you do that love, yet can I not swear that, in the course of events, your people, forgetful of all your benefits, may not celebrate jubilees, and prepare illuminations in honor of a republic or another prince, while they destroy and dishonor the electoral coat of arms. It is, indeed, very possible!"

"You are not at all backward in expressing your ideas," said the Elector angrily, and at the same time he significantly turned his back to the Counsellor. Stryk was instantly a disgraced man. Every one said, at the same time, "Stryk is a fool."

A few years afterwards, the French passed victoriously beyond the Rhine. The Elector and all his court fled in terror and dismay. The people behind shouted with joy for freedom and equality, instituted jubilees and illuminations, and indignantly broke the electoral armorial bearings into pieces.

Stryk, as a practical and useful man, and as an individual possessing a vast fund of knowledge, at once obtained a position in the new order of things, and the more readily because it was remembered in what manner he had been disgraced by the late ruling prince. He was regarded in some sort as a martyr of electoral despotism. The new government was established, and his activity and business ability contributed not a little to that result.

Yet, notwithstanding his natural ardor of disposition, he never allowed himself to be drawn into the extremes of political fanaticism. He maintained a position independent of both parties, and that rendered him suspected of both. The Jacobins styled him a disguised royalist, and the royalists a disguised Jacobin. He smiled at both designations and did his duty.

One day there arrived a Commissary from the French republic, and all who made any pretensions to worldly wisdom lavished upon him the greatest marks of honor. All pressed themselves upon his notice, and all endeavored to give him an exalted idea of their own importance. Occasionally there were not wanting persons who denounced the independent Stryk, and magnified the ambiguity of his republican sentiments, while they proffered their own words of service. The Commissary, when he once met the Baron in a large and brilliant company, where were presented many glowing toasts on the freedom of the world, the rights of man, and the victories of the republic, turned to him and said: "I wonder that kings should still venture to contend with us, for by so doing, they only hasten their own overthrow. The revolution will encircle the earth. How can these despots hope otherwise? Can they think to subject the great nation and restore the Bourbons? The fools! before that could happen, entire Europe must be destroyed. What is your opinion, citizen Stryk? Can a person of the least intelligence imagine that the throne will ever again be established in France?"

"It now seems quite improbable," said Stryk, "but, nevertheless, it is very possible."

"What! Very possible?" cried the Commissary in a voice of thunder, which caused the whole assembly to start. "He who doubts of the duration of liberty can have never truly loved her. It grieves me that one of the highest officers of this State should nourish such sentiments. Is it possible you can present an excuse for yourself?"

"Truly," said Stryk, with the utmost calmness, "it is very possible. The free Athens of antiquity accustomed itself at first to Pericles, and then to the King of Macedon. Rome had at first Triumvirs, then a Cæsar, and at last a Nero. England beheaded her king, was governed by a Cromwell, and afterwards received again her kings."

"Do you adduce your Romans, your Athenians, and your Englishmen to me?" scornfully inquired the Commissary, "do you cite those miserable, characterless people who loved their chains? Dare you put the glorious French nation in comparison with them? However, I pardon your extraordinary obliquity of vision. You had not the happiness of being born in France."

It was, notwithstanding, apparent that the Commissary, in according Stryk's pardon, was not absolutely in earnest, for very soon after the Baron was deprived of his post. He was even obliged to submit to arrest and annoying examinations in consequence of his suspicious speeches.

A few years afterwards, Bonaparte was First Consul, first for ten years, then for life, and then King and Emperor. In the very beginning of this new state of affairs, on account of his ability and honesty, and because he had kept aloof from both the old parties, and was classed among the *moderates*, Stryk was reinstated in his former place and dignities. At this time, among all his cotemporaries, he was held in higher esteem than ever before. So many things had been fulfilled which he had predicted, that he was regarded as one of the most far-seeing of politicians.

IV.

Stable Politicians.

Napoleon changed the world and made presents of crowns. Stryk became the servitor of one of these crowns, and was the recipient of the greatest honors. No man was now a republican. Every one now bent before the new power. Indeed, no one would acknowledge he had ever been a republican, but each protested he had never yielded to the delusion which had so generally prevailed. Every one considered it a shame not always to have been a royalist.

"I consider it no shame," said Stryk, when some altercations and disputes had arisen between his best friends on this topic. "I believe you all had the popular influenza, when it prevailed, and should the same weather return, you would again be seized with the same complaint. It is very possible."

"What!" cried they all together, "do you think us such weak and miserable sinners? Truly, we are not easily infected with false political notions, however much in vogue they may be."

"You remind me," said Stryk, "of a legend of a certain Sultan of Egypt which I have heard. This Sultan had a decided tendency towards scepticism, and took pride in his unbelief. Nothing was more ridiculous to him than the account given in the Koran of the Prophet Mahomet's celestial visit. According to the blessed Koran, the divine prophet lay one morning in bed, when the angel Gabriel bore him from thence through paradise, hell, and all the seven heavens. He there saw and heard everything which transpired, held ninety thousand conversations with God himself, and all in so short a space of time, that the prophet found his bed warm on his return, and a pitcher of water before his couch which he had overturned on commencing his aerial flight, had not ceased flowing on his return. The Sultan was one day deriding the absurdity of this narrative in the presence of a Turkish dervise, who had the reputation of great holiness, and of having the power to work miracles. He observed that he could cure the Sultan of his incredulity if that monarch was willing to conform exactly to his directions. The dervise was taken at his word, and the Commander of the Faithful was brought to a tub, which was filled to the brim with water. The whole court was present, and surrounded the tub with feelings of great curiosity. The monk requested the prince to immerse his whole head in the water and instantly withdraw it. The Sultan did so. Scarcely, however, had he so plunged his head into the water than he found himself alone at the foot of a mountain, near the sea side. His horror can easily be imagined. He cursed the treacherous dervise, and swore never, while he lived, to forgive the master sorcery which had been practised upon him. But curses were of no avail. He was obliged to submit to his fate, and that moment he chanced to observe some persons in the forest. They were woodcutters, and directed him to a town which was situated on the other side of the mountain. He gained it only to perceive that he was on the Caspian Sea, far away from his native land, where he was known by no one, and where he did not dare to say he was Sultan of Egypt. After many adventures, he gained the favor of a wealthy man and was wedded to his lovely daughter. She blessed him with fourteen children—seven sons and seven daughters. At length, his wife died, and for many years, in consequence of various misfortunes, care and sickness, he suffered the greatest misery, and at length was obliged to beg his bread from street to street of the city. He shed bitter tears when he compared his present deplorable circumstances with the pomp and magnificence that formerly surrounded him in his Egyptian palace, and he considered his lot as a divine dispensation and chastisement for his obstinate unbelief in regard to the blessed Koran. He therefore resolved, as an act of penance, to make a pilgrimage to the prophet's tomb at Mecca, though he would be obliged to beg his way thither. He fortunately accomplished his pilgrimage; but before entering the holy place he determined to prepare himself by a thorough ablution. He approached the river, threw off his garments, and plunged into the water. No sooner, however, had he elevated his head above the stream, than a new wonder transpired. He stood by no river, but by the tub, surrounded by his whole court, and beside the dervise who had originally advised him to immerse his head. In spite of his astonishment and joy, he could not withhold his indignation from the base monk who had played him such a diabolical trick, and had plunged him into so many dangers and misfortunes. But the Sultan's astonishment was yet more increased when all his courtiers, after he had related his woeful adventures, positively declared he had not stirred one step from the tub, but had only just plunged his head in the water and immediately withdrawn it!"

"You, gentlemen," continued the Counsellor, "are precisely in the situation of the Sultan of Egypt. Had any one, before the revolution, pointed out what you were to do during its continuance, you would not have believed it. Now that you have withdrawn your heads from the tub, you are determined not to acknowledge a word of what you thought, perceived, and transacted during the period of miracles. Should the banished Bourbons and their nobility ever be reinstated in France, I venture to wager that they will consider the whole history of 1789 not to have been, and like the Sultan of Egypt, they will joyfully stand by the tub, and consider their years of misfortune as the self-delusion of a deceitful dream."

The Baron's auditors smiled complacently. "It must be allowed," said some of them, "that the Counsellor, in very many things, has wonderfully proved his sagacity and foresight. But can any one, in his sober senses, seriously predict the restoration of the miserable Bourbons? That, indeed, belongs to the kingdom of impossibilities."

"On the contrary," said Stryk, with a significant shrug of his shoulders, "it is very possible!"

And, in fact, he lived to see this rotation of things also take place, and the political state of Europe to be put into its former position.

V.

Another Prediction.

This revolution, however, to a man of Stryk's mode of thinking, could not be disastrous, especially as at last he had also fallen into disgrace with the Napoleonic dynasty. The extraordinary political foresight of the Baron had been related to Napoleon, and he desired to try it. Shortly before the departure of the French Emperor on his expedition to Russia, one of his Generals visited the Counsellor, and incidentally inquired what he thought would be the issue of the invasion? The old Baron wondered greatly at the question, and was unwilling to reply. This hesitancy in a man of the Counsellor's readiness appeared singular to the General.

"I think we shall celebrate the New Year in St. Petersburg," said he; "but I judge from your manner that you augur ill of our success in this enterprise."

Involuntarily the Counsellor, according to his habit, shrugged his shoulders, and answered, "That is very possible."

This speech at once brought him into disrepute with the prevailing French power. He was pronounced a visionary simpleton, and his name vanished entirely from the list of Counsellors of State. When, however, the allied powers marched into France, and destroyed the government of Napoleon, and everywhere throughout Europe overturned the authority he had established, every one said: "Stryk is a prophet. The fate he has suffered is that which prophets always receive."

The disgrace he had endured under the government of the usurper (for so was suddenly styled the Emperor and King of illegitimate origin) brought him the favor of the legitimate family, now again restored. But it was not long before the frankness of the Baron's aphorism deprived him anew of royal grace.

VI.

The Prince and the State.

The reigning prince, now again enjoying the hereditary privileges of his family, intimated one day to the Baron that many regarded him as a political flatterer, because in all the alternations of rulers, he had constantly retained his credit and position, and that it was thence argued he had been actuated by no exclusive and unchangeable devotion to any.

"That is very possible," said the Counsellor with unpremeditation; but immediately recollecting himself, he added, and with truth, "I was always a true servant to my country."

"That is a rude contradiction!" exclaimed the sovereign: "How can you proclaim yourself a true servant of the country, when to-day you serve a legitimate prince, and to-morrow you are attached to the court of an usurper? Can there be honesty in such a course?"

"It is very possible," persisted the Baron, "because I always endeavored to be the servant of the *country*, and not the servant of the *prince*. Under illegitimate and evil-minded rulers, every honest friend of his native land should feel a double duty faithfully to serve the state."

"What state?" said the sovereign. "I speak of a government. Can you separate that from the state?"

"I think, gracious Sire," said the Counsellor, "that the person may be separated from the government."

The prince threw a withering look on Stryk, and said: "That speech is revolutionary, and is one which in these times should not be uttered. Take particular notice that I and the state are inseparably the same. It is only when you are *my* servant that you are, or can be, the servant of the state."

The Counsellor bowed in silence. After a little time his royal master most graciously permitted him to retire from his official duties on account of his age, but allowed his salary to continue.

VII.

Final Vaticinations.

The Baron ever afterwards remained in private life, and was entirely disconnected with public affairs; but he retained the distinction he had won, and especially the reputation of a clear, sagacious, and far-sighted politician. All the great changes in national governments, it was alleged, his wisdom had enabled him to foresee long before their occurrence, and with unfailing certainty to predict them. Consequently, people generally were impressed with a kind of superstition respecting him, and were desirous of obtaining his opinion of the future.

As he was once complimented on his rare gift, he could not forbear from smiling. "Among the vulgar," said he, "a man may acquire with absolute ease the reputation of foreseeing future events. When the rest of the world are all chafing each other with blind and angry impatience, the man of cool temperament and sound understanding perceives the true state of things."

"And is it in your power to impart your faculty of prediction?" inquired one of his admirers.

"It is very possible," was the ex-Counsellor's axiomatic reply. "In order to interpret the future you must look backwards and not forwards. Backward in the past hangs the prophetic mirror; but those who are in authority dislike to look therein, and besides, their sight is impaired in regard to instruction from old memorials, eulogies, and diplomatic papers."

"But what have you to say of this present time?"

"It cannot continue as it is," said the old man, "and this prediction is certain as death itself."

"What!" said his interlocutors, "do you think national disturbances and revolutions are not yet ended, although the conjurer who produced them is now made the companion of the rats and mice of St. Helena? Will he again return? or do you believe that another like him will appear and raise similar spectres?"

The Baron shrugged his shoulders. "It is very possible. Besides, the restless spirit now in St. Helena did not excite the American or the French revolutions, but he had those elements which promote and hasten revolutions among men. Revolutions will always occur when it is attempted to establish horrors and follies by force of arms. They will occur when hierarchies, oligarchies, despotisms and monarchies endeavor to perpetuate their abuses, and make their tyranny eternal, by means of inquisitions, tortures, religious bigotry, persecutions, diplomatic tricks, political proscriptions, suppressions of the liberty of speech and the press, holy alliances, and the like. So it was in the time of Franklin and Washington, in the time of the Bastile, in the time of Charles I., and Philip II. The same causes will produce the same results. Never have a doubt of that."

A TRUMPET BLAST.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

[The following lines, written eighteen years ago, sound like prophecy fulfilled at the present crisis.]

O! FOR God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of the land!

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow!

Freedom's soil has only place
For a free and fearless race;
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party! perish clan!
Strike together while you can,
Like the arm of one strong man!

With one heart and with one mouth
Let the North unto the South
Speak the word befitting both:

What though Issachar be strong,
Ye may load his back with wrong
Over *much* and over *long*.

Patience with her cup o'errun,
With her weary thread outspun,
Murmurs that *her* work is done;

Boldly, or with treacherous art,
Strike our blood-wrought chain apart!
Break the Union's mighty heart!

Work the ruin, if ye will!
Pluck upon your heads an ill
Which shall grow and deepen still!

With your bondman's right arm bare,
With his heart of black despair,
Stand alone, if stand ye dare!

Onward with your fell design—
Dig the gulf and draw the line—
Fire beneath your feet the mine!

Deeply when the wide abyss
Yawns between your land and this,
Shall you feel your helplessness.

THE BLACK SAXONS.

BY MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

Tyrants are but the spawn of ignorance,
Begotten by the slaves they trample on;
Who, could they win a glimmer of the light,
And see that tyranny is always weakness,
Or fear with its own bosom ill at ease,
Would laugh away in scorn the sand-wove chain,
Which their own blindness feigned for adamant.
Wrong ever builds on quicksands; but the right
To the firm centre lays its moveless base.—J. R. LOWELL.

[THE following story, which is very suggestive at this crisis, is strictly true. The Southern gentleman, who visited the swamp in disguise, and heard the speeches of the slaves, repeated them, as nearly as he could recollect, to a friend of Mrs. Child, and she committed them to writing. The incidents occurred during the war of 1812, when the probability of the British landing on our coasts was much talked of.]

MR. DUNCAN was sitting alone in his elegantly furnished parlor, in the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina. Before him lay an open volume—Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest. From the natural kindliness of his character, and democratic theories deeply imbibed in childhood, his thoughts dwelt more with a nation prostrated and kept in base subjection by the strong arm of violence, than with the renowned robbers, who seized their rich possessions, and haughtily trampled on their dearest rights.

"And so that bold and beautiful race became slaves!" thought he. "The brave and free-souled Harolds, strong of heart and strong of arm; the fair-haired Ediths, in their queenly beauty, noble in soul as well as ancestry; these all sank to the condition of slaves. They tamely submitted to their lot, till their free, bright beauty passed under the heavy cloud of animal dullness, and the contemptuous Norman epithet of 'base Saxon churls' was but too significantly true. Yet not without efforts did they thus sink. How often renewed, or how bravely sustained, we know not; for troubadours rarely sing of the defeated, and conquerers write their own history. That they did not relinquish freedom without a struggle, is proved by Robin Hood and his bold followers, floating in dim and shadowy glory on the outskirts of history; brave outlaws of the free forest, and the wild mountain passes, taking back, in the very teeth of danger, a precarious subsistence from the rich possessions that were once their own; and therefore styled thieves and traitors by the robbers who had beggared them. Doubtless they had minstrels of their own; unknown in princely halls, untrumpeted by fame, yet singing of their exploits in spirit-stirring tones, to hearts burning with a sense of wrong. Troubled must be the sleep of those who rule a conquered nation!"

These thoughts were passing through his mind, when a dark mulatto opened the door, and making a servile reverence, said in wheedling tones, "Would massa be so good as gib a pass to go to Methodist meeting?"

Mr. Duncan was a proverbially indulgent master, and he at once replied, "Yes, Jack, you may have a pass; but you must mind and not stay out all night."

"Oh, no, massa. Tom neber preach more than two hours."

Scarcely was the pass written before another servant appeared with a similar request; and presently another; and yet another. When these interruptions ceased, Mr. Duncan resumed his book, and quietly read of the oppressed Saxons, until the wish for a glass of water induced him to ring the bell. No servant obeyed the summons. With an impatient jerk of the rope, he rang a second time, muttering to himself, "What a curse it is to be waited upon by slaves! If I were dying, the lazy loons would take their own time, and come dragging their heavy heels along an hour after I was in the world of spirits. My neighbors tell me it is because I never flog them. I believe they are in the right. It is a hard case, too, to force a man to be a tyrant, whether he will or no."

A third time he rang the bell more loudly; but waited in vain for the sound of coming footsteps. Then it occurred to him that he had given every one of his slaves a pass to go to the Methodist meeting. This was instantly followed by the remembrance that the same thing had happened a few days before.

We were then at war with Great Britain: and though Mr. Duncan often boasted the attachment of his slaves, and declared them to be the most contented and happy laborers in the world, who would not take their freedom if they could, yet by some coincidence of thought the frequency of Methodist meetings immediately suggested the common report that British troops were near the coast, and about to land in Charleston. Simultaneously came the remembrance of Big-boned Dick, who many months before had absconded from a neighboring planter, and was suspected of holding a rendezvous for runaways in the swampy depths of some dark forest. The existence of such a gang was indicated by the rapid disappearance of young corn, sweet potatoes, fat hogs, etc., from the plantations for many miles round.

"The black rascal!" exclaimed he; "if my boys *are* in league with him"——

The coming threat was arrested by a voice within, which, like a chorus from some invisible choir, all at once struck up the lively ballad of Robin Hood; and thus brought Big-boned Dick, like Banquo's ghost, unbidden and unwelcome, into incongruous association with his spontaneous sympathy for Saxon serfs, his contempt of "base Saxon churls" who tamely submitted to their fate, and his admiration of the bold outlaws, who lived by plunder in the wild freedom of Saxon forests.

His republican sympathies, and the "system entailed upon him by his ancestors," were obviously out of joint with each other; and the skilfulest soldering of casuistry could by no means make them adhere together. Clear as the tones of a cathedral bell above the hacks and drays of a city, the voice of Reason rose above all the pretexts of selfishness and the apologies of sophistry, and loudly proclaimed that his sympathies were right and his practice wrong. Had there been at his elbow some honest John Woolman, or fearless Elias Hicks, that hour might perhaps have seen *him* a freeman in giving freedom to his serfs. But he was alone; and the prejudices of education, and the habits of his whole life, conjured up a fearful array of lions in his path, and he wist not that they were phantoms. The admonitions of awakened conscience gradually gave place to considerations of personal safety, and plans for ascertaining the real extent of his danger.

The next morning he asked his slaves with assumed nonchalance whether they had a good meeting."

"Oh, yes, massa; bery good meeting."

"Where did you meet?"

"In the woods behind Birch Grove, massa."

The newspaper was brought, and found to contain a renewal of the report that British troops were prowling about the coast. Mr. Duncan slowly paced the room for some time, apparently studying the figures of the carpet, yet utterly unconscious whether he trod on canvas or the green sward. At length he ordered his horse and drove to the next plantation. Seeing a gang at work in the fields, he stopped; and after some questions concerning the crop, he said to one of the most intelligent, "So you had a fine meeting last night?"

"Oh, yes, massa, bery nice meeting."

"Where was it?"

The slave pointed far *east* of Birch Grove. The white man's eye followed the direction of the bondman's finger, and a deeper cloud gathered on his brow. Without comment he rode on in another direction, and with apparent indifference made similar inquiries of another gang of laborers. They pointed *north* of Birch Grove, and replied, "In the Hugonot woods, massa."

With increasing disquietude, he slowly turned his horse toward the city. He endeavored to conceal anxiety under a cheerful brow; for he was afraid to ask counsel, even of his most familiar friends, in a community so prone to be blinded by insane fury under the excitement of such suspicions. Having purchased a complete suit of negro clothes, and a black mask well fitted to his face, he returned home, and awaited the next request for passes to a Methodist meeting.

In a few days the sable faces again appeared before him, one after another, asking permission to hear Tom preach. The passes were promptly given, accompanied by the cool observation, "It seems to me, boys, that you are all growing wonderfully religious of late."

To which they eagerly replied, "Ah, if massa could hear Tom preach, it make his hair stand up. Tom make eberybody tink weder he hab a soul."

When the last one had departed, the master hastily assumed his disguise and hurried after them. Keeping them within sight, he followed over field and meadow, through woods and swamps. As he went on, the number of dark figures, all tending toward the same point, continually increased. Now and then some one spoke to him; but he answered briefly, and with an effort to disguise his voice. At last they arrived at one of those swamp islands, so common at the South, insulated by a broad, deep belt of water, and effectually screened from the mainland by a luxuriant growth of forest trees, matted together by a rich entanglement of vines and underwood. A large tree had been felled for a bridge; and over this dusky forms were swarming like ants into their new-made nest.

Mr. Duncan had a large share of that animal instinct called physical courage, but his heart throbbed almost audibly as he followed that dark multitude.

At the end of a rough and intricate passage there opened before him a scene of picturesque and imposing grandeur. A level space, like a vast saloon, was inclosed by majestic trees, uniting their boughs over it in fantastic resemblance to some Gothic cathedral. Spanish moss formed a thick matted roof, and floated in funereal streamers. From the points of arches hung wild vines in luxuriant profusion, some in heavy festoons, others lightly and gracefully leaping upward. The blaze of pine torches threw some into bold relief, and cast others into a shadowy background. And here, in this lone sanctuary of nature, were assembled many hundreds of swart figures, some seated in thoughtful attitudes, others scattered in moving groups, eagerly talking together. As they glanced about, now sinking into dense shadow, and now emerging into lurid light, they seemed to the slaveholder's excited imagination like demons from the pit, come to claim guilty souls. He had, however, sufficient presence of mind to observe that each one, as he entered, prostrated himself till his forehead touched the ground, and rising, placed his finger on his mouth. Imitating this signal, he passed in with the throng, and seated himself behind the glare of the torches. For some time he could make out no connected meaning amid the confused buzz of voices and half-suppressed snatches of songs. But, at last, a tall man mounted the stump of a decayed tree, nearly in the center of the area, and requested silence.

"When we had our last meeting," said he, "I suppose most all of you know, that we all concluded it was best for to join the British, if so be we could get a good chance. But we didn't all agree about our masters. Some thought we should never be able to keep our freedom without we killed our masters in the first place; others didn't like the thoughts of that; so we agreed to have another meeting to talk about it. And now, boys, if the British land here, in Carolina, what shall we do with our masters?"

He sat down, and a tall, sinewy mulatto stepped into his place, exclaiming with fierce gestures, Ravish wives and daughters before their eyes, as they have done to *us!* Hunt them with hounds, as they have hunted *us!* Shoot them down with rifles as they have shot *us!* Throw their carcasses to the crows they have fattened on *our* bones; and then let the devil take them where they never rake up fire o' nights. Who talks of *mercy* to our masters?"

"I do," said an aged black man, who rose up before the fiery youth, tottering as he leaned both hands on an oaken staff. "I do; because the blessed Jesus always talked of mercy. I know we have been fed like hogs and shot at like wild beasts. Myself found the body of my likeliest boy under the tree where buckra * rifles reached him. But thanks to the blessed Jesus, I feel it in my poor old heart to forgive them. I have been a member of a Methodist Church these thirty years, and I've heard many preachers, white and black; and they all tell me Jesus said, Do good to them that do evil to you, and pray for them that spite you. Now I say let us love our enemies—let us pray for them; and when our masters flog us, and sell our piccaninnies, let us break out singing—

'You may beat upon my body,
But you cannot harm my soul;
I shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

'You may sell my children to Georgy,
But you cannot harm their soul;
They will join the forty thousand by and bye.

'Come, slave-trader, come in too;
The Lord's got a pardon here for you;
You shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

'Come, poor nigger, come in too;
The Lord's got a pardon here for you;
You shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

'My skin is black, but my soul is white;
And when we get to heaven we'll all be alike;
We will join the forty thousand by and bye.'

That's the way to glorify the Lord."

Scarcely had the cracked voice ceased the tremulous chant in which these words were uttered, when a loud altercation commenced; some crying out vehemently for the blood of the white men, others maintaining that the old man's doctrine was right. The aged black remained leaning on his staff, and mildly replied to every outburst of fury, "But Jesus said, do good for evil." Loud rose the din of excited voices, and the disguised slaveholder shrank deeper into the shadow.

In the midst of the confusion, an athletic, gracefully proportioned young man sprang upon the stump, and throwing off his coarse cotton garments, slowly turned round and round before the assembled multitude. Immediately all was hushed; for the light of a dozen torches, eagerly held up by fierce, revengeful comrades showed his back and shoulders deeply gashed by the whip, and still oozing with blood. In the midst of that deep silence he stopped abruptly, and with stern brevity exclaimed, "Boys! *shall* we not murder our masters?"

"Would you murder *all?*" inquired a timid voice at his right hand. "They don't all cruelize their slaves."

"There's Mr. Campbell," pleaded another, "he never had one of his boys flogged in his life. You wouldn't murder *him*, would you?"

"Oh, no, no, no," shouted many voices; "we wouldn't murder Mr. Campbell. He's always good to colored folks."

"And I wouldn't murder *my* master," said one of Mr. Duncan's slaves; "and I'd fight anybody that set out to murder him. I ain't a-going to work for him for nothing any longer, if I can help it; but he sha'n't be murdered, for he's a good master."

"Call him a good master if ye like!" said the bleeding youth, with a bitter sneer in his look and tone. "I curse the word. The white men tell us God made them our masters; I say it was the devil. When they don't cut up the backs that bear their burdens; when they throw us enough of the grain we have raised to keep us strong for another harvest; when they forbear to shoot the limbs that toil to make *them* rich, there *are* fools who call them good masters. Why should *they* sleep on soft beds, under silken curtains, while *we*, whose labor bought it all, lie on the floor at the threshold, or miserably coiled up in the dirt of our own cabins? Why should I clothe my master in broadcloth and fine linen, when he knows, and I know, that he is my own brother; and I, meanwhile, have only this coarse rag to cover my aching shoulders?" He kicked the garment scornfully and added, "Down on your knees, if ye like, and thank them that ye are not flogged and shot. Of *me* they'll learn another lesson!"

Mr. Duncan recognized in the speaker the reputed son of one of his friends, lately deceased—one of that numerous class which Southern vice is thoughtlessly raising up to be its future scourge and terror.

The high, bold forehead and flashing eye indicated an intellect too active and daring for servitude; while his fluent speech and appropriate language betrayed the fact that his highly educated parent, from some remains of instinctive feeling, had kept him near his own person during his lifetime, and thus formed his conversation on another model than the rude jargon of slaves.

His poor, ignorant listeners stood spell-bound by the magic of superior mind; and at first it seemed as if he might carry the whole meeting in favor of his views. But the aged man leaning on his oaken staff still mildly spoke of the meek and blessed Jesus; and the docility of the African temperament responded to his gentle words.

Then rose a man of middle age, short of stature, with a quick, roguish eye, and a spirit of knowing drollery lurking about his mouth. Rubbing his head in uncouth fashion he began: "I don't know how to speak like Bob, for I never had no chance. He says the devil made white men our masters. Now dat's a ting I've thought on a heap. Many a time I've axed myself how 'pon arth it was that jist as sure as white man and black man come togeder, de white man sure to git he foot on de black man. Sometimes I tink one ting, den I tink anoder ting; and dey all be jumbled up in my head, jest like seed in de cotton afore he put in de gin. At last I find it all out. White man *always* git he foot on de black man; no mistake in *dat*. But how he do it? I'll show you how!"

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he took out a crumpled piece of printed paper, and smoothing it carefully on the palm of his hand, he struck it significantly with his finger and exclaimed triumphantly, "Dat's de way dey do it! Dey got de *knowledge!* Now it'll do no more good to rise agin our masters dan put de head in de fire and pull him out agin; and maybe you can't pull him out agin. When I was a boy I hear an old conjuring woman say she could conjure de divil out of anybody. I ask her why she don't conjure her massa, den, and she tell me, 'Oh nigger neber conjure buckra—can't do't.' But I say nigger *can* conjure buckra. How he do it? Get de knowledge! Dat de way. We make de sleeve wide, and fill full of de tea and de sugar ebery time we get in missis' closet. If we take half so much pains to get de knowledge, de white man take he foot off de black man. Maybe de British land, and maybe de British no land; but tell your sons, to marry de free woman dat know how to read and write; and tell your gals to marry de free man dat know how to read and write; and den, by'm-bye, you be de British *yourselves!* You want to know how I manage to get de knowledge? I tell you. I want right bad to larn to read. My old boss is the most begrudgfullest massa, and I know he won't let me larn. So when I see leetle massa wid he book (he about six year old), I say to him, What you call dat? He tell me dat is A. Oh, dat is A! So I take old newspaper, and I ax missis may I hab dis to rub my brasses? She say yes. I put it in my pocket, and by'm-bye I look to see I find A; and I look at him till I know him bery well. Den I ask my young massa, What you call dat? He say dat is B. So I find him on my paper, and look at him till I know him berry well. Den I ask my young massa what C A T spell? He tell me cat. Den, after great long time, I can read the newspaper. And what you tink I *find* dere? I read British going to land! Den I tell all de boys British going to land; and I say what you *do* s'pose British land! When I stand behind massa's chair I hear him talk, and I tell all de boys what he say. Den Bob say must hab Methodist meeting, and tell massa Tom going to preach in de woods. But what you tink I did toder day? You know Jim, massa Gubernor's boy? Well, I want mighty bad to let Jim know British going to land. But he lib ten mile off, and old boss no let me go. Well, massa Gubernor he come dine my massa's house, and I bring he horse to de gate; and I make my bow and say, massa Gubernor, how Jim do? He tell me Jim berry well. Den I ax him be Jim good boy? He say yes. Den I tell him Jim and I leetle boy togeder, and I want mighty bad to send Jim something. He tell me Jim hab enough of eberyting. Oh, yes, massa Gubernor, I know you bery good massa, and Jim hab eberyting he want; but when leetle boy togeder dere is always something *here* (laying his hand on his heart). I want to send a leetle backy to Jim. I know he hab much backy he want, but Jim and I leetle boy togeder, and I want to send Jim something. Massa Gubernor say, bery well, Jack. So I give him de backy done up in de bery bit o' newspaper dat tell British going to land! And massa Gubernor *himself* carry it! And massa Gubernor *himself* carry it!!"

He clapped his hands, kicked up his heels, and turned somersets like a harlequin. These demonstrations were received with loud shouts of merriment; and it was some time before sufficient order was restored to proceed with the question under discussion.

After various scenes of fiery indignation, gentle expostulation, and boisterous mirth, it was finally decided, by a considerable majority, that in case the British landed they would take their freedom *without* murdering their masters; not a few, however, went away in wrathful mood, muttering curses deep.

With thankfulness to heaven, Mr. Duncan again found himself in the open field, alone with the stars. Their glorious beauty seemed to him, that night, clothed in new and awful power. Groups of shrubbery took to themselves startling forms; and the sound of the wind among the trees was like the unsheathing of swords. Again he recurred to Saxon history, and remembered how he had thought that troubled must be the sleep of those who rule a conquered people. A new significance seemed given to Wat Tyler's address to the insurgent laborers of *his* day; an emphatic and most unwelcome application of *his* indignant question why serfs should toil unpaid, in wind and sun, that lords might sleep on down and embroider their garments with pearl.

"And these Robin Hoods and Wat Tylers were my Saxon ancestors," thought he. "Who shall so balance effects and causes as to decide what portion of my present freedom sprang from their seemingly defeated efforts? Was the place I saw to-night, in such wild and fearful beauty, like the haunts of the *Saxon* Robin Hoods? Was not the spirit that gleamed forth as brave as *theirs!* And who shall calculate what even such hopeless endeavors may do for the future freedom of this down-trodden race?"

These cogitations did not, so far as I ever heard, lead to the emancipation of his bondsmen; but they did prevent his revealing a secret which would have brought hundreds to an immediate and violent death. After a painful conflict between contending feelings and duties, he contented himself with advising the magistrates to forbid all meetings whatsoever among the colored people until the war was ended.

He visited Boston several years after, and told the story to a gentleman who often repeated it in the circle of his friends. In brief outline it reached my ears. I have told it truly, with some filling up by imagination, some additional garniture of language, and the adoption of fictitious names, because I have forgotten the real ones.

* Buckra is the negro term for white man.

THERE are those who are on the rebound from dogmatism in our time—from an effete ecclesiasticism. We are living in an age in which men are breaking away from old forms of thought—not from old *truths*. I myself profess to be among the number of those who are breaking away from old forms; but not from one old truth, blessed be God!—not one. In all the great truths which relate to man's nature and destiny, and which holy men have endeavored to present in every age, I most fervently believe—from the bottom of my soul I believe in them: but not in their particular mode of expressing them; not in any concatenation of words in which they saw fit to clothe them. I claim the liberty which every man has, in every age, of saying the things which God reveals to his consciousness in the words which most clearly express them. I hold myself at liberty to speak the truths of God in exactly that language which best suits the audience, the time, and the habits and wants of the age. But this leaving old forms is not the same as leaving old truths, any more than leaving old clothes is leaving the people that wore them. For forms are but dresses, after all; and by so much as a person is worth more than his raiment, by so much is a truth worth more than the particular form of words used to express that truth.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE ORGAN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THEN swelled the organ; up through choir and nave
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur; wave on wave
In flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave;
Then, poising for a moment, it stood still,
And sank and rose again to burst in spray
That wandered into silence far away.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,
As the huge base kept gathering heavily,
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,
And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky,
It grew up like a darkness everywhere
Filling the vast cathedral; suddenly
From the dense mass a boy's treble broke
Like lightning, and the full-to